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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

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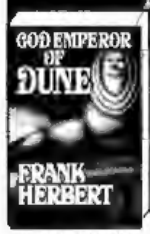

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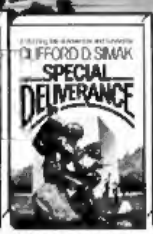

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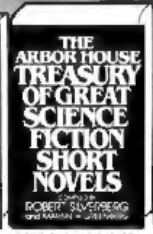

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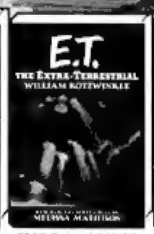

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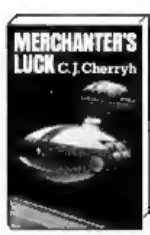

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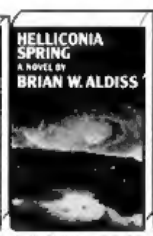

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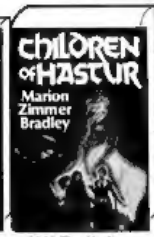

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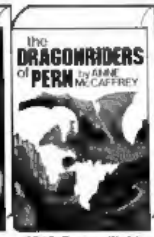

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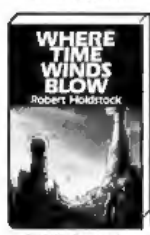

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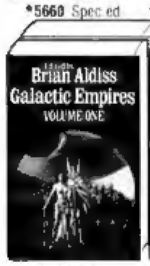

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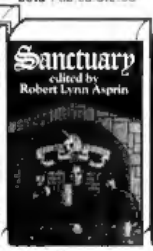

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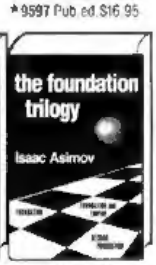

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DOSSIER

Steve Reich: A serious pose for a serious composer.

NUVINYL Unrock

Okay, let's get serious.

Man does not live by rock alone—or at least Lou doesn't. There are just some itches flitting across this scratch-scarred body that require something more than rock's beating-pulse rhythm and memory-magnet melodies to make them go away. Gray Sunday afternoons in October, for instance, demand something of delicate construction and unwavering, gentle insistence—baroque harpsichord music, ideally. While an interminable, moonless night at the typewriter calls for something of seductive obnoxiousness—like Cabaret Voltaire's collaged hypnotronics. Choosing a record to play can be like choosing a suitable set of clothes in the morning: it first reflects your mood ("Today I'm gonna wear all black!"), and then assumes a role in the changing matrix of your feelings throughout the day ("I've been listening to Iron Maiden all morning, let's go out and find a virgin to sacrifice!"). And if your life is at all varied, you'll need more than one style/color/look to get you through the week.

Unfortunately, most of what is these days called "serious" or "classical" music (both terms suck) doesn't engage my feelings at all. Too often, it's a music obsessed with process, and only secondarily (if at all) interested in expressivity. Backwards, if you ask me, though perfectly understandable I suppose, to the over-educated, post-modern composer. Composer/musicians such as La Monte Young, Terry Riley, Philip Glass and Steve Reich began and refined what is the reductio ad absurdum of post-modernism: minimalism—basically characterized by endless repetition and a velocity of change matched only by the Earth's rotation.

Philip Glass is only one of these guys I can still listen to with any pleasure. Though, as a friend pointed out after a recent club performance at NYC's Danceteria, his music does seem like "all foreplay and no orgasm," I find an undeniably captivating power at its root. His most recent recording, *Glassworks* (Columbia) is—gasp!—quite romantic, really. It begins with an appealing, repeating piano figure that ultimately spirals into a surging, full-sweep ensemble revue, interspersed with a trailing, wind-gliding flute. Nice.

Steve Reich on the other hand, leaves me cold. Watching his well-trained group perform at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's *Next Wave* series reminded me of a surgical operation, or worse, a close-order drill team. It's so rigid, so disciplined, that it makes me *nervous*, and while the rhythmic repetition can be restful and contemplative, I find myself resisting the groove (like I'd refuse to sing along with a catchy commercial—it's too obvious). The whole evening's music was too pat, too cut and dried. Its only value lies in the way it forces a recalibration of perception mechanisms: when change is at a minimum, the slightest alteration of tone or texture assumes monumental proportions. Movement isn't noticed as such, but more like a clock's hands or a child's growth, it's noticeable only when you periodically avert your attention. *Tehillim* (ECM), the latest of his three releases on that jazz-oriented label, is also the least involving. Based on a Hebrew religious chant, it sounds dull, passionless and perfunctory, and not nearly as interesting as his 1980 *Octet* or 1978 *Music for Eighteen Musicians*.

Instead of reducing everything to ornamentation draped over a rhythmic spine, **Brian Eno**'s genus of minimalism reduces all elements to a state of near-invisibility. *On Land* (Editions EG) is the fourth in his "Ambient" series, and true to its predecessors, it raises passivity and implication to precarious new heights of importance. The record asks you to assemble visual environments through extrapolation, or triangulation of sonic coordinates. It works, but just make sure you don't forget the thing is there and walk right through it.

Enough of this chrome-dome stuff—what I really want to recommend to you goes best with a cup of black coffee, an ashtray full of filterless cigarette butts and a serious case of the existential downs. **Bertold Brecht** and **Kurt Weill** were known primarily as sometime song-writing collaborators (and flaming commie-pinkos), but a trio of recent platters show them to be uncommonly exquisite social/personal documentarists. *The Unknown Kurt Weill* (Nonesuch) shows us composer Weill's tragic/romantic side (and you thought Bryan Ferry invented that pose, eh?) with lyrics provided by various collaborators (Cocteau, Hammerstein II, Brecht and others less known), carried by Teresa Stratas's magnificent soprano. "Wie Lange Noch?" has got to be one of the most soul-tearing songs

Brian Eno. Call him passive; he doesn't care.

ever. *Change the World: It Needs It* (Labor) is a marvelous collection of Brecht and composer Hans Eisler's rousingly bitter anti-capitalist/facist songs, sung with a bit too much reserve by Sylvia Anders. Propaganda has never sounded this good. And lastly, there's **David Bowie**'s *Baal* mini-LP (RCA), containing five songs from the British TV production of Brecht's first play. The translations sometimes stumble a bit, but the old boy seems to relish playing a randy old derelict.

—Lou Stathis

WHY CLASSICAL MUSIC STINKS

Actually, it doesn't stink. Only its image stinks. Suppose you made TV commercials. When would you use classical music? For silverware, Lincoln Continentals, and wood burning stoves—anything high-priced, old-fashioned, or upper-class. That's the image: the music itself must be elitist, stuffy, or obsolete. An image which the classical music world itself fosters, with formal dress for concerts and hushed talk of great art. Classical audiences support it—on the social scale they range up-

wards from middle-class, with the rich and influential out of proportion to their numbers because they've traditionally been patrons of the arts, and because classical music groups need their money. The Metropolitan Opera in New York sells subscriptions with buzzwords like "grandeur" and "civilization," as if their most important offerings were refinement and status—some people even go there just for the grand staircase and the red plush carpets.

Classical music stinks because people use it, often consciously, as a refuge from vulgar unpleasantness like crime and rock 'n' roll—in other words, from the real world. No wonder so much modern classical music has no audience; it's almost a contradiction in terms. No wonder so much of it is dry; with no energy coming from the streets, all that's left of the classical tradition is structure and craftsmanship, as important in art as in building a bridge, but no guarantee that a composer has anything to say. And no wonder, finally, that so many classical performances these days are bland; efficient and energetic, maybe, but gutless. Germans once loved Beethoven just as Americans once loved apple pie; for Italians, opera was folk music. But now mass culture is our only folklore; TV is our heritage, and classical music has to be *learned*. Beethoven symphonies at the New York Philharmonic may be no closer to the original than *Beatlemania* was to the Beatles.

But Beethoven's music as it *ought* to sound, "unlocks the gates of fear, of awe, of horror, of suffering, and awakens infinite longing"—or so a writer from Beethoven's own time thought. Every classical masterpiece was once new and urgent. They're all history now, but (performance problems aside) *vivid* history, preserved almost alive, like animals of the past so perfectly frozen that their flesh is edible. Rock fans distinguish the different flavors of London and L.A. punk; classical music brings you Renaissance Italy, France under Louis XIV, and Vienna in the time of Freud and the Bauhaus (Nazi Germany too, if you want it, in the works of Carl Orff).

Best of all, it's good for your head. There's something *Heavy Metal* does that Marvel Comics can't, something in *Moby Dick* you won't find in *Star Trek* (an obsession powerful as an upheaval from the deep, an adventure whose smallest detail has its own unforgettable taste); that's what classical music has, and even the best rock 'n' roll can rarely match it. It's wasted on much of its audience, but if you read Philip K. Dick or Michael Moorcock—or if you really *look* at *Heavy Metal*'s art instead of staring blankly and turning the pages—it might not be wasted on you.

—Gregory Sandow

Classical Music for *Heavy Metal* Readers

These aren't the usual blockbusters, or anyway not *only* the usual blockbusters. Instead they're works with tough underbellies, notable as much for texture as for sheer gut force. All of them knocked me flat when I first heard them, and still never fail to amaze me.

—G.S.

Bach, *Brandenburg* Concerto #3 (1721)
Bartok, Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion (1937)
Beethoven, *Leonore* Overture #3 (1806)
Berio, *Coro* (1977)
Chopin, *Preludes* (1838)
Mahler, Symphony #9 (1910)
Mozart, *Prague* Symphony (1786)
Schönberg, *Pierrot Lunaire* (1912)
Schumann, *Dichterliebe* (1840)
Stravinsky, *The Rite of Spring* (1913)
Wagner, Prelude and Liebestod, from *Tristan und Isolde* (1854)
Webern, Symphony, Opus 21 (1928)

(Gregory Sandow is a classical music critic for *The Village Voice*, as well as a composer of operatic settings for *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *A Christmas Carol*, and, with a libretto by Tom Disch, *Frankenstein*.)

SURF'S UP IN BROOKLYN

When *The Next Wave* comes crashing in, what will be riding its crests? New

Laurie Anderson

wave, we know, sure ain't new anymore. Its chief exponents—David Byrne, Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe, and Blondie—have gone on to megamillions and a comfortable stylistic settling in, even if the style is comparatively young. The new wave not only created a new music, it created and educated a new audience, too—one that now demands pop, art, and music innovations on the average of once every six months.

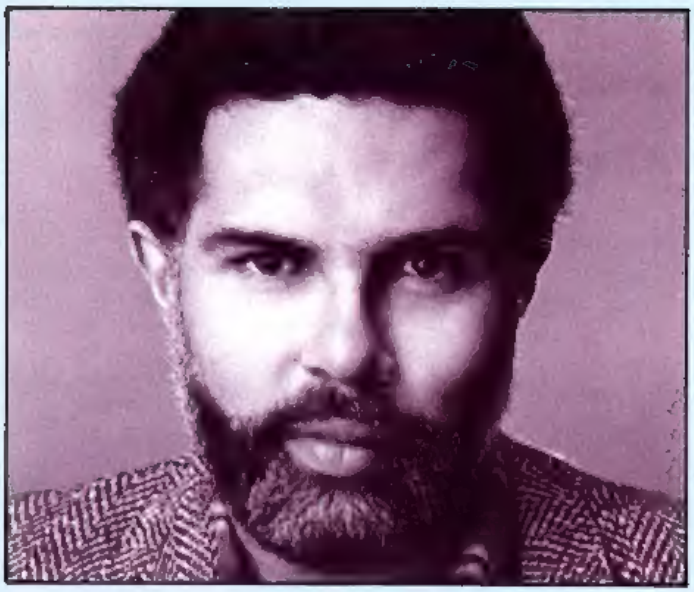
Brooklyn Academy of Music, long an institution of stature devoted to classical music and dance, is flourishing in the second season of its *Next Wave* series. During its 1981–82 run, it showed the American premiere of Philip Glass's opera *Satyagraha*, plus a collaborative work by dancer Lucinda Childs, artist Robert Wilson, and composer Jon Gibson. These, among other works, more than filled the 2000+ seat opera house, establishing a standard and regularity for large-scale avant-garde performances equaled only in Europe.

The Next Wave, sounding ambiguously futuristic, refers simply, as program consultant Tim Carr states, to "a crest of things that are happening—and have—and will." These artists are at a point in their careers where they are still actively creating and experimenting (as opposed to the new wave—not a catchphrase for all new music since 1978, but a reference to a group of supposed innovators who stopped experimenting around 1980), plus enjoying some acclaim at the same time. 1982–83 features the only major retrospective of such established avant-gardists as **Steve Reich** and **Laurie Anderson**, plus a brand new work by composer **Glenn Branca**. Branca so far has played mostly rock clubs and small halls (he composes for a multitude of guitars); his admission to *Next Wave* status insures his ascent into the major ranks. Choreographer **Dana Reitz**, a second generation post-modern (having worked with both Twyla Tharp and Merce Cunningham), will present a new, personal dance vocabulary; choreographers **Bill T. Jones** and **Arnie Zane** will premiere a monster collaboration with jazz giant, percussionist **Max Roach** and visual artist **Robert Longo** in a new theatrical and athletic kind of dance. And that daddy-of-all-avant-gardists, **Robert Wilson**, will produce an evening of American spirituals sung by **Jessye Norman**.

So where's the underlying thread, the "next" in the wave? "There's a confluence between high culture and pop culture," defines Carr, who advised BAM producer Harvey Lichtenstein on the choices. "*The Next Wave*'s artists are not recklessly unaware of the past, yet, they refer to popular idioms within an intellectually art-conscious context. None of them are what you'd call pop art, but they are not afraid to be popular. They are people living in the modern world using what's available to them, and making something of quality. The appeal is more intellectual than visceral."

If this is the case, does that mean the post-new wave, overeducated audience hankers for a higher consciousness, or that once-high art has lowered itself enough for the masses? Either way, you just might hear Laurie Anderson on a passing ghetto blaster—soon.

—Merle Ginsberg



Chip Delany: sf writer, critic and foot fetishist.

Photo by **Suter and Lindsey.**

CHIP SHOT

The son of a well-to-do undertaker, he grew up in New York City's Harlem. For quite a while there, he was married to his high school sweetheart, National Book Award-winning poet Marilyn Hacker; he now lives with their nine year old daughter in a five story walk-up tenement on Manhattan's upper west side. He's the only sf writer I've ever seen who's read his prose work to a poetry recital audience, and been received favorably. He's one of the few writers I know who's rarely a bullshit artist or acts like a complete asshole—and when he is, or does, it's something of a novelty, as if he's just trying it out (between you and me, he's not good at it) because he was embarrassed about being such a nice guy. I'm a very cynical, unforgiving, moody sort, but in the seven years that I've been acquainted with Samuel Ray Delany, Jr., I've never found cause to dislike him.

Chip Delany's career began at twenty, with the 1962 publication of his first novel, ***The Jewels of Aptor****. Set in a phantasmagoric, post-holocaust future, it introduced a shifting, cataclysmic landscape that has been steadily developed through* ***The Fall of the Towers*** *trilogy (1963-66), his short fiction, the intensely mythic* ***The Einstein Intersection*** *(1967) and culminated in* ***Dhalgren****: his huge 1975 novel which polarized the science fiction community into factions as opinionated as armed camps. The most simplistic reading of Dhalgren will find a complex, detailed account of a young amnesic's experiences in an American city which is undergoing a mysterious disaster that has subtly ripped the fabric of space and time. The book concerns itself mainly with his survival, the development of his ménage à trois, and his prominence as both the city's poet laureate and the leader of an adult gang called the Scorpions; a group who parades around in chains which, when activated, drape them in holograms of dragons, griffins, and other mythical beasts.*

Among Delany's other works are: ***Babel-17*** *(1966), a futuristic novel about espionage and language;* ***Nova*** *(1968), a futuristic novel about vengeance, greed, adventure—the works—and language (easily his most exciting book);* ***Triton*** *(1976), (his best and most disagreeable), a futuristic novel about sexual roles, identity, clichés—and language;* ***Tales of Neveryon*** *(1979), which is not a futuristic novel, but a cycle of stories set against a sword and sorcery background dealing with, guess what? All of the above are available from Bantam Books, as is Delany's latest novel, his sequel to Tales,* ***Neveryóna****.*

Delany's obsession with a certain topic can be further explored in his critical studies ***The Jewel-Hinged Jaw*** *(Berkley, 1977),* ***The American Shore*** *(on Tom Disch; Dragon Press, 1978), and the forthcoming* ***Starboard Wine*** *(also Dragon Press). He's currently at work on a two-volume novel, one of which will be entitled* ***Stars in My Pocket Like Grains of Sand****—about an information war between 6000 planets.*

—Robert Morales

HM: Frederik Pohl once said that you write on such a high level, you sometimes verge on becoming incomprehensible—

SRD: (laughing) What kind of a—

HM: That's not my question. —Yet—you're phenomenally successful in a way few writers are, let alone science fiction writers; you write original paperback novels that do incredibly well. What's your perception of your audience? Is it the same as a regular audience? Do you think they like to read your work for the same reasons you like to reread it?

SRD: One of the things that I think goes on in the writer-reader "contract," if you will—given the fact that we live in a country of 230 million, supposedly 80 percent of whom are functionally literate—is that basically what a writer has to do, is find 40-50,000 people who are more or less interested in the same things that he or she is interested in. And if you can do that, you more or less swim along. There is a kind of endurance factor that goes into being a successful category writer, and I think that has something to do with it. I mean, I've been doing this for twenty years, and if you've been doing this for twenty years, your name has been around long enough so you may even get above that 40,000 who are actually interested in what you're doing—there may be another 100,000 who are willing to give it a shot. And then you're selling your 100,000 copies and everybody's very pleased—and once in a while you may get one that does a little better than that, and, you know, that's gravy.

HM: Well, don't you find it astonishing that a work as demanding as *Triton*, for example, has a third of a million copies in print?

SRD: I don't think I write to be demanding per se; there are too many twelve year olds in that third of a million audience, so obviously it can't be all *that* hard.

HM: I'm not saying it's unnecessarily hard—or even that it *is* hard—it's demanding, there's a lot there, it's not light reading. What sort of mail do you get?

SRD: Most of my mail is from young people. I would say two-thirds are from people under twenty-one—because I think that's the type who are most likely to write fan letters in the first place. There's not an overwhelming amount of it, either. When Jim Blish was writing *Star Trek* books, he used to get fan mail in sacks—like a rock 'n' roll star.

I don't know. As a writer I'm terribly self-involved, and in one sense, because I've been as successful as I have been, I have perhaps made the illogical connection that I get my audience by being self-involved. They have my concerns, and if I were to turn around and write *for* an audience, whatever I do, my particular thing would disappear.

I think I take a general view of my audience from those in sf fandom who like my work. There's this bizarre phenomenon, leftover from *Dhalgren*, of a bunch of people who dress up like Scorpions and parade around—and one of the things I like is that they seem to come from all sorts of social levels. There are kids from working-class or lower-class backgrounds, and kids from very middle-class or higher-class backgrounds, and they all seem to be able to get together in this kind of situation. One chapter—or "nest"—sent me a group picture in which I noticed there were a number of Oriental Scorpions, as well as some Hispanics. And obviously they can all *read* . . . It's a *long* book, and it's not my most recent, but it's the one that's made the biggest impact.

HM: How did you get into writing sf?

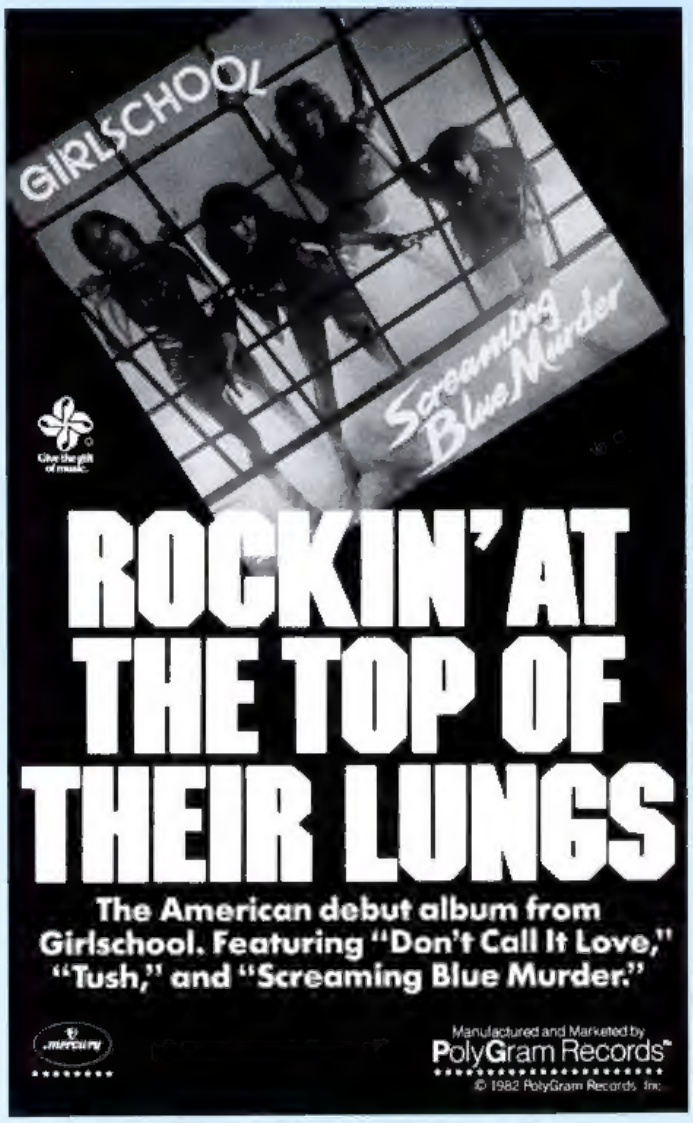
SRD: When I was about nineteen years old, my ex-wife, whom I'd just married, got a job as an editorial assistant at Ace Books, and she'd come home terribly upset by the various things she'd have to edit. Her complaints circled around the dullness of the female characters and corresponding over-maleness of the males, plus the general low writing level. At the same time, I was having a series of nightmares—many young husbands do—that I couldn't really explain to her. Between one thing and another, I began using these nightmares as the settings for a story, at the same time also writing the story for her. It was kind of an extended in-joke, in which I tried to correct these complaints she'd bring home. After half of the first draft was done, I showed it to her, and she said, "Why don't you submit it?" I said, "That's ridiculous." and she said, "No, no, it might be a good idea." But we were very moral children then, so we decided if it was going to be submitted, I would do it under a pen name. I pulled a character named Bruno Callabro out of something I had written. Marilyn took the book in and stuck it on her boss's—Donald Wollheim—desk and he read it and liked it. After contracts were drawn up, Marilyn said, "Oh, incidentally, that's my husband." And Don said, "Fine, because I *hate* the name Bruno Callabro."

HM: Ten years ago you started writing far more explicitly about the uses and significance of information in everyday life. In *Neveryóna* the way words are weighed by one person to another make it into a novel of intrigue—almost *casual* intrigue. The theme seems to convey that the way things are interpreted is literally a matter of life and death.

SRD: We live in a very complex age in which I think the main disease or failing is that people cannot negotiate the immense amount of information that they have to deal with—and so a lot of people tend to block it out *entirely*. As a therapeutic shot in the gluteus maximus, I want to deal in a kind of dramatic, but also distanced way, with a civilization where you can talk about how the information they do have affects what people do, what happens to them, to it, what have you. In *Neveryóna* I wanted to show this young woman, my heroine, meeting people

We live in a very complex age in which I think the main disease or failing is that people cannot negotiate the immense amount of information that they have to deal with,

that she thinks at first are very powerful. She's somewhat naive and doesn't have too much experience. She comes from a comparatively small town, and is now moving into the big city, so she's very impressed with these people, but when she moves on, she meets people who are much *more* powerful than she has any concept of, and they show her how little power the others had. I think of it as a sword and sorcery book, although admittedly the sorcery is at a minimum: it's what happens to a fifteen year old girl in the backdrop


GIRLSCHOOL
Screaming Blue Murder
Give the gift of music.
ROCKIN' AT THE TOP OF THEIR LUNGS
The American debut album from Girlschool. Featuring "Don't Call It Love," "Tush," and "Screaming Blue Murder."
mercury
Manufactured and Marketed by
PolyGram Records
© 1982 PolyGram Records, Inc.

of one of those typical s&s novels—you know, the ones with the muscle-man hacking the dragon on the cover.

HM: That's a rather perverse interest.

SRD: An *overweight* fifteen year old girl.

HM: What sf writers are you reading these days? Who excites you?

SRD: So far, the person among the comparatively recent authors I find exciting is still John Varley—his short stories in particular. I like Gene Wolfe, although what he's been doing lately is dark fantasy, not sf. James Tiptree. I enjoy some of Craig Strete's stuff. My reading has gone way down in the last year what with having an awful lot to write myself. I like Lisa Tuttle.

HM: You have another book of essays coming out soon. What new possibilities have opened up for science fiction?

SRD: I think an interesting tension is being built into sf because of the academic concern with it; unfortunately I think that the people who come to sf from an academic orientation tend to bring with them the vocabulary of literary criticism. This vocabulary has been historically determined—as has been the way people read science fiction, which works rather differently from literature; you learn how to read it in a different way. But if you're only used to talking about the one, and you try to discuss sf with the same critical vocabulary and concepts, you tend to distort people's perception of the whole sf process.

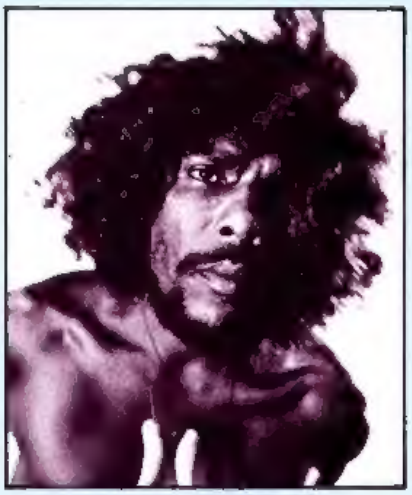
To come down from the realm of abstraction: in this particular day and age, anything that's fantastic or out of the ordinary in writing tends to be psychologized, and this is just the traditional way to talk about fantastic elements in literature whenever you come across them. Although you *can* psychologize the fantastic elements in science fiction, that's not their primary function—they work as a real critique of the objective world. When you take a phrase like "the monopole-magnet mining operations in the outer asteroid belt of Delta-Cygni," and read into it the deep chthonic presence of the archetypal whose-um-a-whatsis, you're just not seeing that *primarily* it's a phrase talking about mines; and it's saying in its own simple way that the object, the method, the *location* of mines will *change*—and it says that well before it says anything about the psychology of a character or a writer.

HM: So then your characters *don't* walk around with one bare foot "because they straddle the line between civilization and barbarity"?

SRD: I think—(laughs) I'm both a shoe fetishist and a foot fetishist—this way I can indulge both perversions at the same time.

Samuel R. Delany's Ten Books For Sheer, Simple, Exuberant Fun

1. *Philosophy of Logic*, by Willard Van Orman Quine
2. *Little, Big*, by John Crowley
3. *Afterthoughts on Material Civilization and Capitalism*, by Fernand Braudel
4. *The Sonnets*, by Ted Berrigan
5. *Letters from the Country*, by Carol Bly
6. *Literature and Psychoanalysis: The Question of Reading, Otherwise*, edited by Shoshana Felman
7. *The Persistance of Vision*, by John Varley
8. *The Critical Difference*, by Barbara Johnson
9. *Likely Stories*, edited by Bruce McPherson
10. *The Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci*, by Dmitri Merejkowski (Signet edition)



Countryman: Johnny Weissmuller got nothing on I, man.

Photo by **Adrian Boot.**

ME RASTA, YOU JANE

Reggae movies—a miniscule genre of recent coinage—are not noted for their subtlety of character and narrative complexity. While entertainments like *The Harder They Come* and *Rockers* sported hot soundtracks and (more importantly) provided rare glimpses into Jamaica's Trenchtown ghetto, they both suffered from inane melodramatic plots and absurdly over-simplified characterizational Hollywoodenisms. The latest entry in the Rasta repertory is ***Countryman***, a sort of dreadlocked Tarzan epic written by *Rolling Stone* alumnus Michael Thomas and directed by Dickie Jobson. Better than its predecessors, but still no *Citizen Kane*.

After crash-landing their purloined - from - daddy plane, a lame pair of post-teenage honkies are saved (literally) from the jaws of death, and jungle-stashed by a noble savage who calls himself Countryman. A corrupt government official links the plane with a CIA conspiracy plot to further his chances in an upcoming election, and instructs his underlings to find the pilot. Story = one man of courage and power vs the minions of a morally/spiritually bankrupt establishment. The film is racist (whites are either thugs or morons, blacks either white-corrupted or one-with-nature), confused (political drama or cartoon jungle adventure?), and fairly stupid in spots (a fight scene that even Bruce Lee would've blushed at)—but for some damn reason I liked the thing. Probably because of the easy mingling of voodoo mysticism, Zen Rastafarianism, and cynical, post-Watergate politics, and definitely because of Wally Badarou's excellent soundtrack music. A Jamaican keyboardist featured on recent Grace Jones and Marianne Faithful albums, Badarou has brewed up an inspired concoction of treated jungle drums and birdcalling synths—the best I've heard since Moroder's *Cat People* (the double LP soundtrack on Island subsidiary Mango Records is highly recommended).

—Lou Stathis

Captain Beefheart. Skeleton makes good.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE COOP

There are rock lyricists who have nothing to say and say it well, some with something to say who can't seem to convey it properly, and then there are bonafide poets who receive messages from the cosmos and relay them to listeners on a musical canvas that resembles nothing heard on AOR radio. John Cooper Clarke and Captain Beefheart are two examples of the latter; they don't just work the rock poetry genre but actually transcend it.

One might imagine, for the sake of comparison, Englishman **John Cooper Clarke** swigging on pints of bitter at the local pub and ruefully observing the behavior of his compatriots, while taking in fodder for his exceedingly clever, often hysterically funny compositions. Working in a traditional style, Cooper Clarke's pieces are primarily narratives with a beginning, middle, and end. Each are replete with catchy reprises and lots of rhymes delivered with the satiric edge of a Brit beatnik. Although most of the pieces on his three earlier LPs reflect his fascination with life's dark side, the more lighthearted and playful numbers on his recent ***Zip Style Method*** (U.K. Epic) make the material on that album's second side possibly the best he's ever done. Cooper Clarke's informal vocabulary, abundance of humor and predilection for rhyme, mean his work is not at all far from "normal" pop songs. However, his subject matter and ability to express his ideas are light years ahead of what most musicians use to fill out their chord sequences.

Captain Beefheart (who prefers his real name Don Van Vliet) is an American mutant-blueser who has been turning out barrages of electric sound and verbal fury for almost two decades. If Cooper Clarke is a satirist, Van Vliet is a surrealist who seems to see the world through Salvador Dali's eyes and imagine its sound as a blues/rock/jazz chaos. His mode is usually hallucinatory, and proceeds as a stream of consciousness, but the imagery is strong enough to engage even the most confused listener. As a musician/poet, Beefheart manages to integrate the lyrics and instrumental accompaniment into a form that's more than good rock or good poetry—it's a work of art that exceeds the sum of its parts. The highlights of ***Ice Cream for Crow*** (Virgin/Epic) include the boogie title track, with apparently endless layers of guitars, and "When the Witch Doctor Life Throws his Silent Bones," an allegorical tale whose simple guitar melodies make it the most accessible tune on the LP. The career-long consistency of the Captain's sound suggests a refusal to follow fads, and although he may never have a hit single, this man would be well appreciated by those who search pop records in vain for lyrics neither innocuous nor offensively stupid.

—Sally Tiven

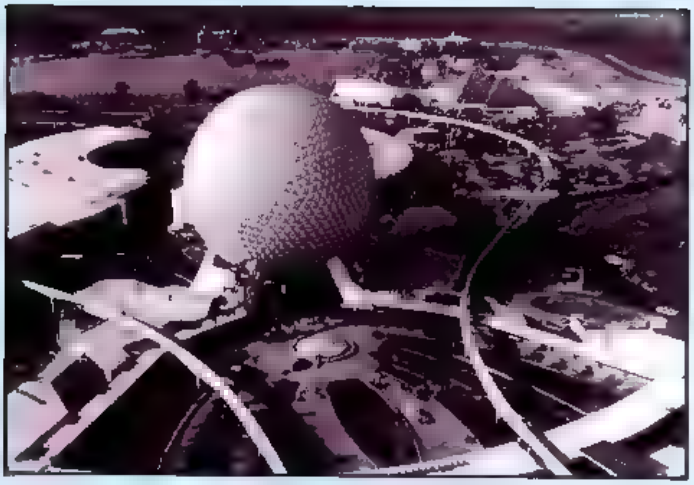
DISNEY DOWN THE DUMPER?

The science fantasy, audio-animatronics theme park—not the animated film—may turn out to be Walt Disney's enduring contribution to pop art/culture. ***Tron*** director Steven Lisberger proved how out of touch Disney is with the 1980s sex/drugs/video generation by making a lifeless $20 million man vs microchip flop that appeals to no one group of moviegoers. Desperately trying to captivate the *Fame* and *Blue Lagoon* crowds, Disney next shoveled out a chaste, teen-loser-turns-winner flick with ***Tex***, a numb-numb version of S.E. Hinton's young adult novel, starring dumb-dumb teen stud Matt Dillon. Rather than risk three losers in a row, Disney has rescheduled (does that mean remaking or dumping?) Ray Bradbury's *Something Wicked This Way Comes* until later this year.

While their flicks wither on the box office vine, Disney theme parks, like *E.T.*, encourage repeat encounters. The latest is **Epcot** (the $800 million *Experimental Community of Tomorrow*—a vision Uncle Walt had twenty years ago), an unconsciously avant-garde repository of the latest technical experiments in visual entertainment (multi-dimensional 70mm and Circle-Vision 360 films, and Magic Journeys, the world's biggest—58' by 30'—custom-made, triple-process, 3-D fantasia). A brief monorail ride from Disney World, Epcot's a world's fair of imagination that miraculously has none of the trademark mice, ducks, or dogs. Instead, it offers pop-surrealism rides, films, and interactive computer exhibitions (the Image Works, where you paint, compose music, create a laser show, and project yourself into a movie).

While their flicks wither on the box office vine, Disney theme parks encourage repeat encounters. The latest is **Epcot**.

Epcot is divided into two parts: Future World and World Showcase, a permanent, mini-U.N. that includes the Chinese pavilion, featuring a standout film of daredevil aerial photography. As for Future World's Spaceship Earth Geosphere (the universe's biggest golf ball), it's done in sf comic, nostalgia-for-the-future architecture, a la Buckminster Fuller. Geosphere's 40,000 year, tunnel-of-love time machine ride sports grunting audio-animatronics, "Den"-like cave dwellers, and a



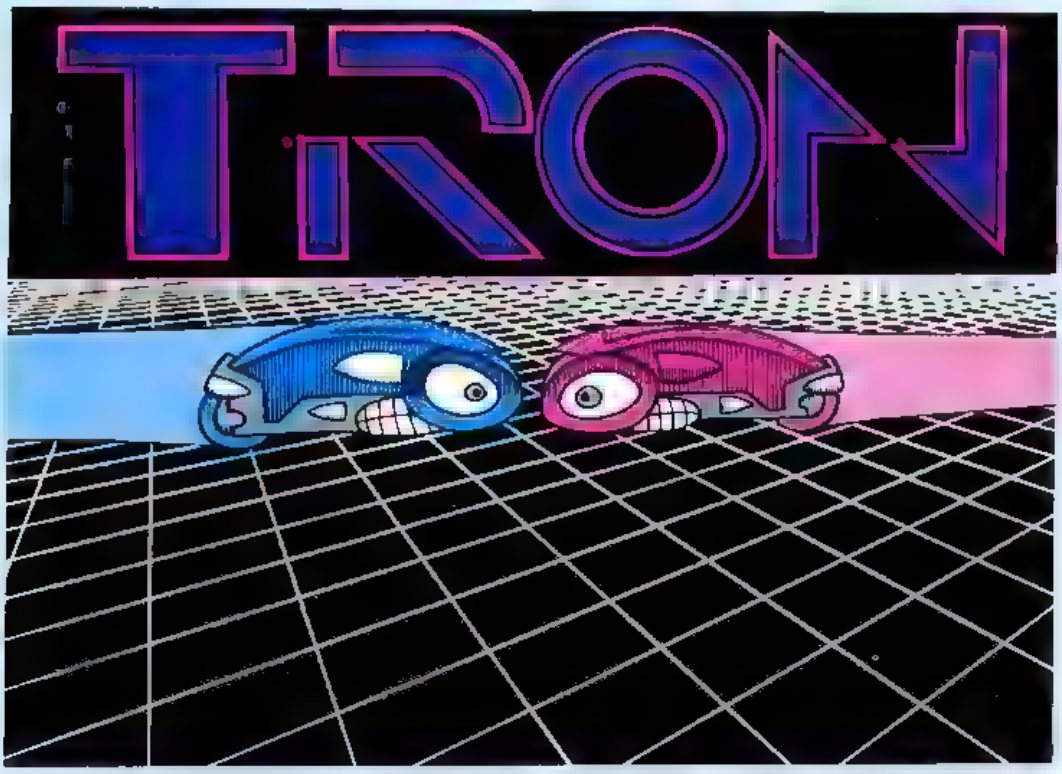
Epcot tees off.

Photo copyright Walt Disney Prod. 1982

Ray Bradbury conceived narration on man's ability to progress in relation to his advances in communication.

Epcot's "open your head and let the pictures come" mind explosion is housed in Journey to Imagination; two gigantic, light-reflective Kubla Khan pleasure pyramids. After a mystery tour through letters tumbling into words and a visit to a diving bell where deep thoughts are stored, you are inundated by a 14-minute, hallucinogenic 3-D movie. Magic Journeys explores how the mind perceives and reacts to images that ignite the process of imagination. Shot entirely in 3-D, the film is a dazzling canvas for Disney's newly invented depth perception process, which simulates human vision with a pair of different-planed cameras. The visual illusion projects 3-D images floating out to (rather than poking at) viewers, gathering them in to become part of the movie's live action and computer animation (the aim of future 3-D video games). A graphic description of the 3-D process, and Epcot's surprising solutions to world problems, can be found in the first oversized, arty coffee-table theme park book, ***Walt Disney's EPCOT, Creating the New World of Tomorrow*** (Abrams). Now if only Disney studios had the imagination to produce a feature film merging triple 3-D with a gripping sf/fantasy plot, audiences could flock to local cineplexes, instead of having to trek to Epcot's Magic Eye Theater for fourteen minutes of futuristic foreplay.

Daphne Davis



VIDEO GAME©BALLY MIDWAY MFG. CO. 1982
GAME REVIEW © BY JOHN HOLMSTROM, 1982

WANNA BE REDUCED TO A MERE ION IN A COMPUTER CHIP? THEN SEE THE STUPID MOVIE **TRON** AND PLAY THIS BORING VIDEO GAME.

TRON IS CURRENTLY ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR VIDEO GAMES. WHY? 1 MIDWAY, THE COMPANY THAT DESIGNED **TRON**, ALSO IMPORTED **SPACE INVADERS, GALAXIAN,** AND **PAC-MAN** FROM JAPAN. THEY KNOW A GOOD THING WHEN THEY SEE IT. ON THEIR OWN, THOUGH, MIDWAY HAS CREATED **GORF, WIZARD OF WOR, OMEGA RACE,** AND **KICKMAN**. THEY SHOULD STICK TO JAPAN. 2 **TRON** HAS ARRIVED AT A TIME WHEN THERE ARE VERY FEW GOOD NEW GAMES, AND ARCADERS (OR ARCADIANS) ARE CLIMBING THE WALLS FOR **ANYTHING** NEW. 3 **TRON** WAS A POPULAR MOVIE—IT WOULD HAVE TO BE A TOTAL DISASTER **NOT** TO BE A POPULAR VIDEO GAME.

TRON IS INNOVATIVE IN CERTAIN DESIGN ELEMENTS. IT FEATURES THE FIRST IRIDESCENT CONTROL GRIP, AND A VISUALLY STRIKING CABINET. THE DISNEY PEOPLE, ACCORDING TO **VIDEO GAMES** MAGAZINE, WERE MORE CONCERNED WITH THE CABINET DESIGN THAN THE GAME ITSELF. THE SOUNDTRACK IS EASY LISTENING—SORT OF A MUZAK VERSION OF THE MOVIE'S MUSIC. THE BEST THING ABOUT **TRON** IS THAT YOU GET TO CHOOSE ANY ONE OF FOUR DIFFERENT GAMES. FREEDOM OF CHOICE IS NOT SO HOT WHEN YOU CAN ONLY CHOOSE FROM FOUR DULL GAMES, THOUGH.

TRON ISN'T A BAD GAME, IT JUST ISN'T A GOOD GAME. IT WAS KNOCKED OUT IN THREE MONTHS (NOT A LONG TIME TO DESIGN A GAME) SO DISNEY AND MIDWAY COULD CASH IN ON THE MOVIE'S SUCCESS. APPARENTLY THE GAME IS DOING BETTER BOX OFFICE THAN THE MOVIE.

IF SOMEONE GAVE YOU **$30** MILLION DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD MAKE A BETTER MOVIE? I COULD MAKE **SIXTY** MOVIES FOR **THAT** KIND OF DOUGH!

JUST THINK OF ALL THE BEER YOU COULD BUY WITH 30 MILLION BUCKS. **WOTTA PARTY!**

—JOHN HOLMSTROM

PLASMATICS

COUP D'ÉTAT

A revolutionary statement in heavy metal.

Produced by Dieter Dierks
for Sunrise Breeze Music

On Records and High Quality XDR Cassettes from Capitol

OBJECTIVE: WORLD DOMINATION

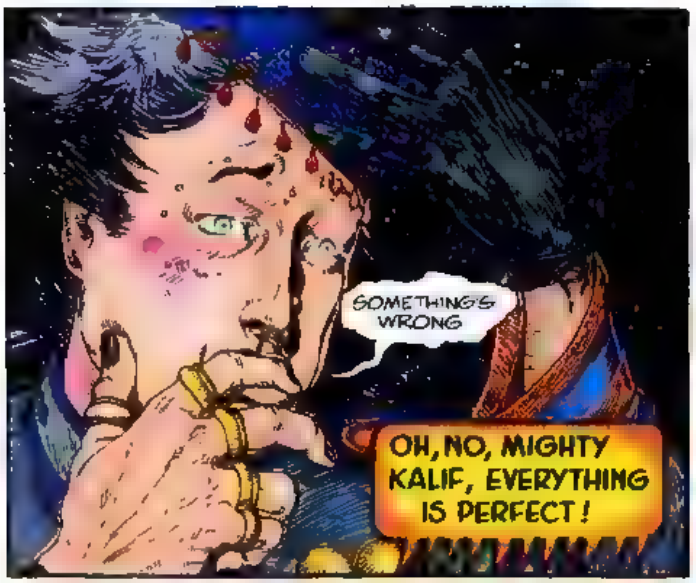
STARSTRUCK

CONCERNED BY HIS SON'S INFATUATION WITH A FEMALE ANDROID, THE BARON SHOT OFF HER HEAD, BUT TO NO AVAIL. HIS SON'S AFFECTION KNEW NO LIMITS

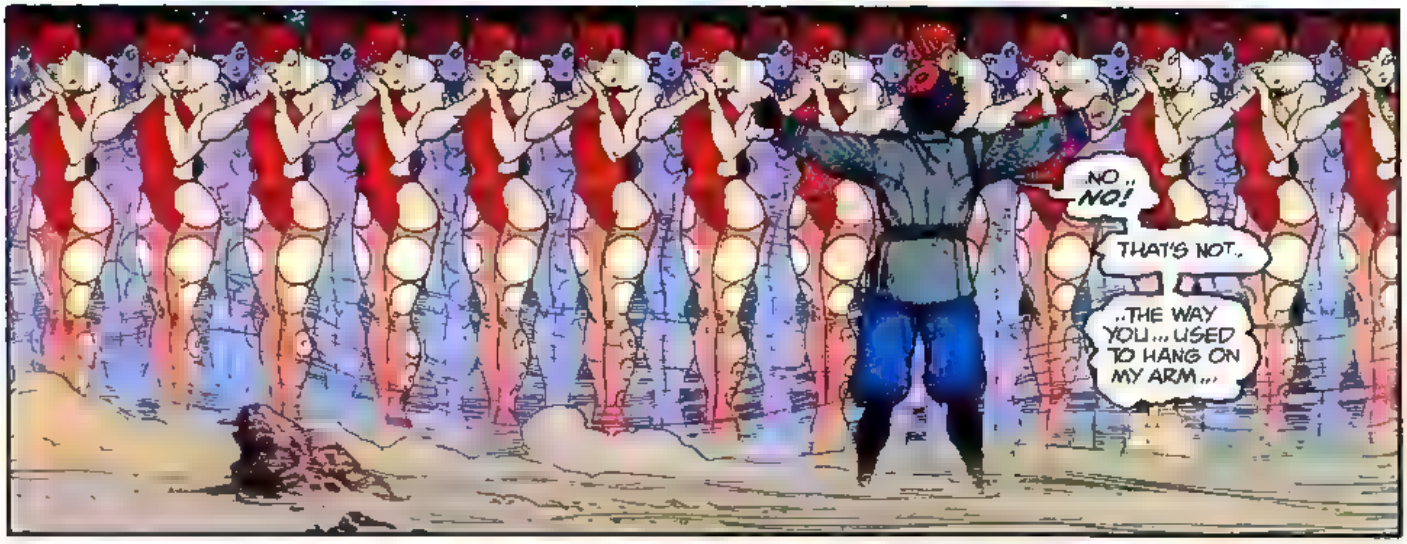
03:33
DO YOU KNOW THESE PEOPLE?
NEVER SAW THEM, OH MIGHTY KALIF.
WHY, YOU DID, OH MIGHTY
WHO ASKED YOU?
KALIF, YOU DEVIL!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE...
I CAN'T STAND CROWDS
NOR CAN I, OH MIGHTY KALIF.

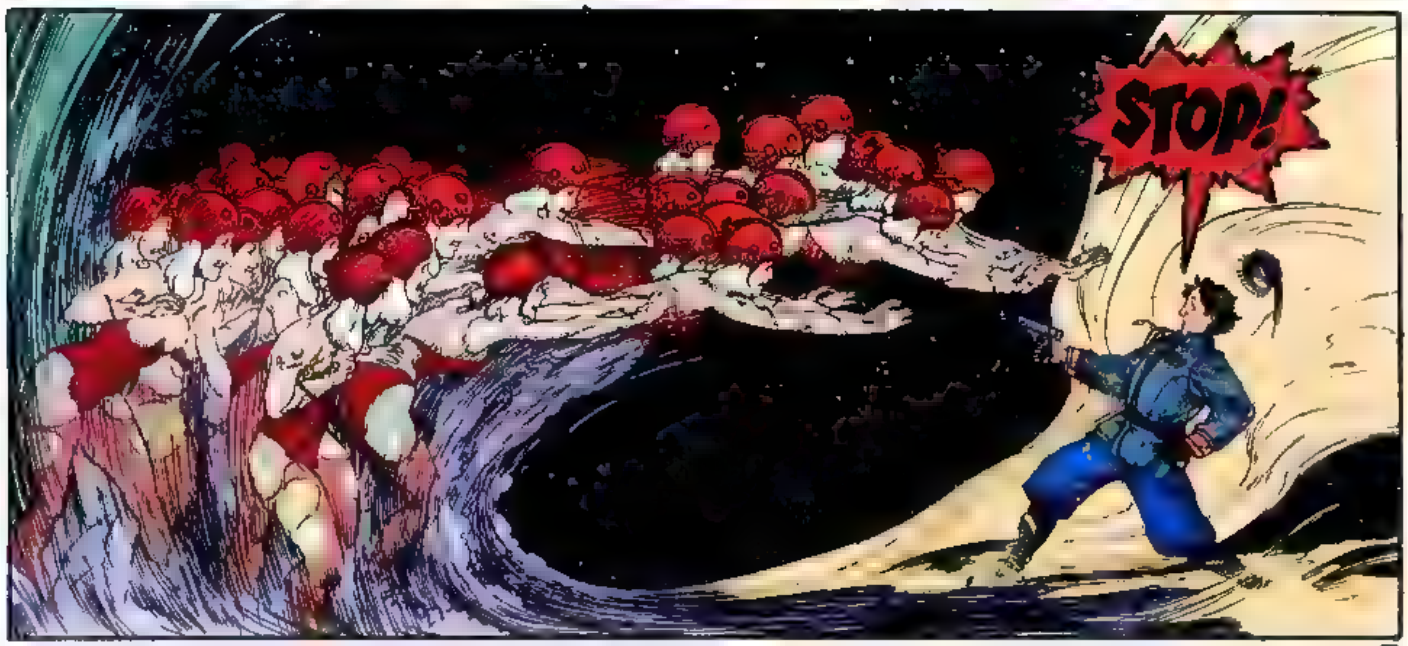
YOU LOOK LOVELY BY MOONLIGHT, DARLING
I'M GOING TO IGNORE THAT
YOU ARE TOO KIND, OH MIGHTY KALIF.
AND SO LIGHT ON YOUR FEET
"PUFF"
IF YOU?...
OH, YES...
I DO REALIZE...
ONE DAY ALL THIS WILL BE MINE!...
OR SHOULD I SAY OURS!
THAT IS.. AS SOON AS DAD CASHES EM IN
WHERE, 2

COME TO ME--
BOOF!
AHHH... BLISS!
WAIT A MARTRON
THAT'S NOT.
LET ME JUST
OKAY
OUT
18


SOMETHING'S WRONG
OH, NO, MIGHTY KALIF, EVERYTHING IS PERFECT!

NO - NO-- LET ME THINK
IT USED TO BE
YOU USED TO...
..YOU WERE SO SWEET AND RESERVED


..NO.. NO!
THAT'S NOT..
..THE WAY YOU... USED TO HANG ON MY ARM...

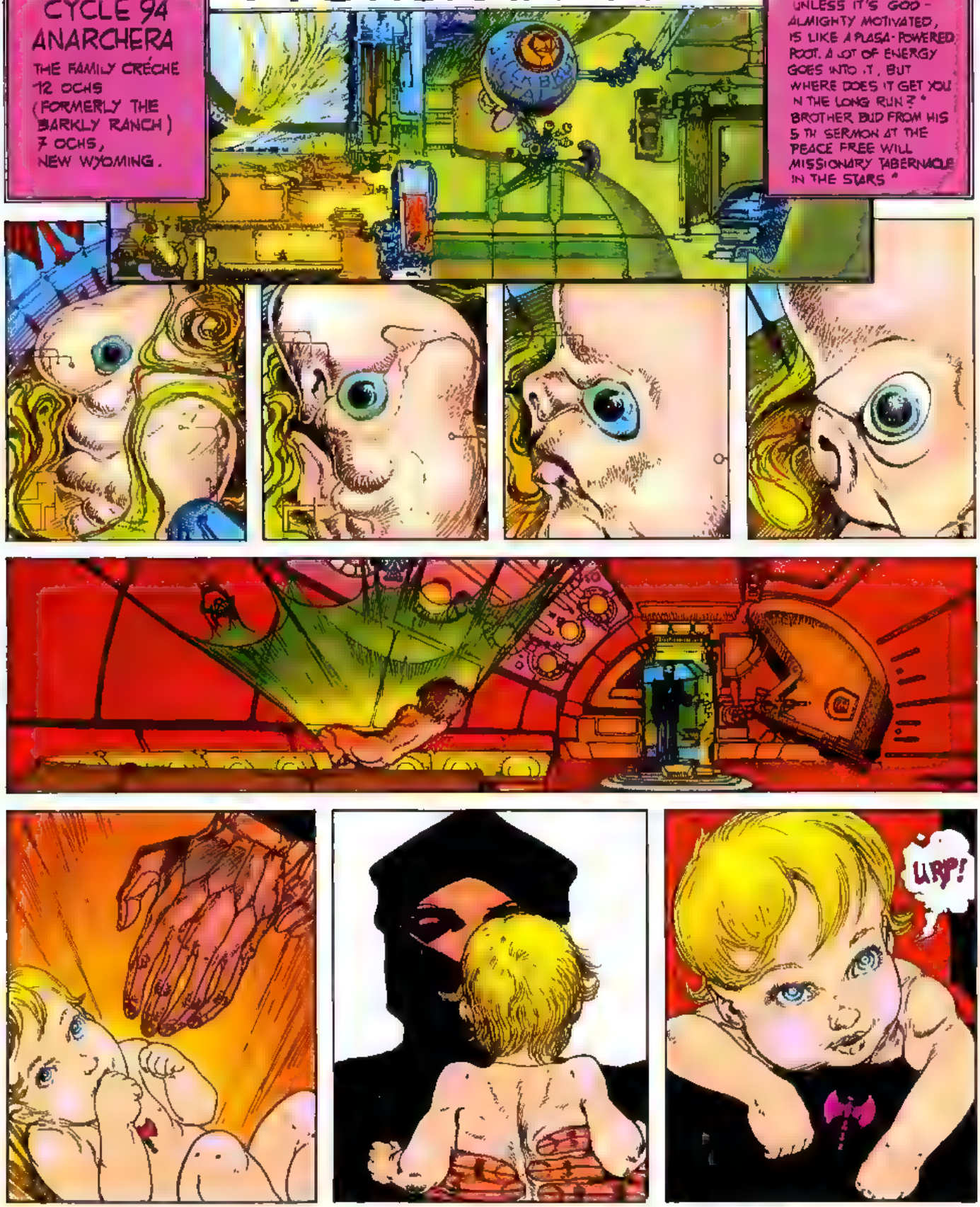

STOP!

THAT'S NOT..
YOU WERE.
.. IT'S NOT WORKING.
RAHHHHGGH!
IT'S WORKING PERFECTLY, OH MIGHTY KALIF!
DARLING!
I HATE SCHOOL, BUT DAD SAYS A GOOD EDUCATION IS ALL-IMPORTANT FOR THE HEIR TO THE TITLE
I DO LIKE ONE SUBJECT, THOUGH... BIOLOGY. I LIKE THE FOETAL PIGS.
I ENJOY TAKING THINGS APART TO SEE HOW THEY WORK
NEXT SEMESTER I'M TAKING POLITICAL SCIENCE.

A STICK IN TIME

CYCLE 94
ANARCHERA
THE FAMILY CRÉCHE
12 OCHS
(FORMERLY THE
BARKLY RANCH)
7 OCHS,
NEW WYOMING.

"SELF-SACRIFICE, UNLESS IT'S GOD-ALMIGHTY MOTIVATED, IS LIKE A PLASA-POWERED BOOT. A LOT OF ENERGY GOES INTO IT, BUT WHERE DOES IT GET YOU IN THE LONG RUN?" BROTHER BUD FROM HIS 5TH SERMON AT THE PEACE FREE WILL MISSIONARY TABERNACLE IN THE STARS"

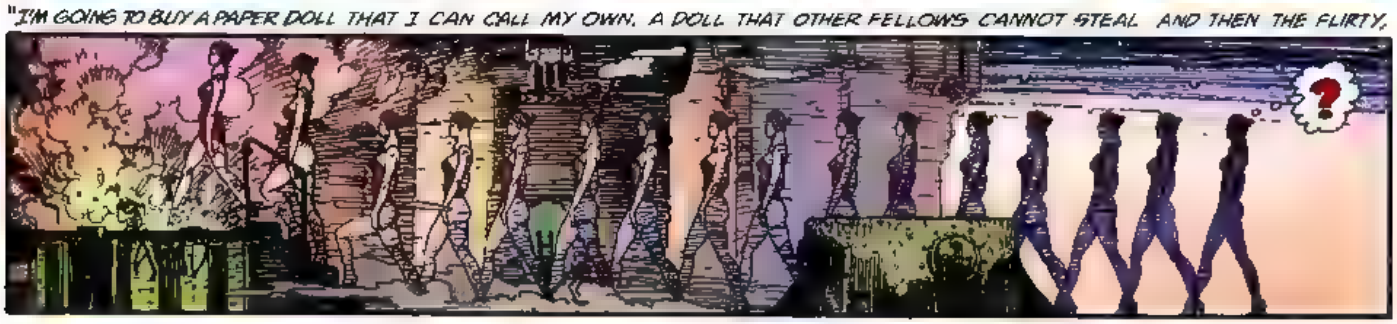


CYCLE 94
ANARCHERA

PLAYROOM/WORKSHOP
OF THE BARONET
PHILLIPE CESARE
KALIF ALEXANDER
BAJAR

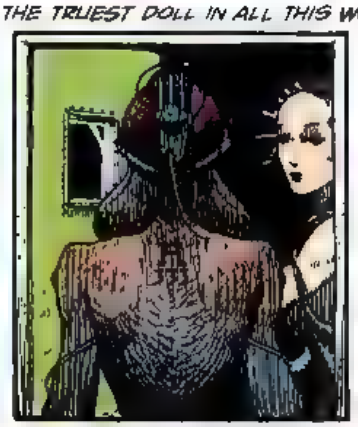
"THEY ARE THE 'INTUNE' WHO MOVE WITH THE RHYTHM OF NATURE, EARS OPEN TO HER MUSIC. THEY GLIDE BETWEEN HER CURRENTS, APPEAR SIGH-SOFT WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS."
-- INDIRA LUCREZIA
RONNIE LEE ELLIS
BAJAR
'DEAR DIARY'

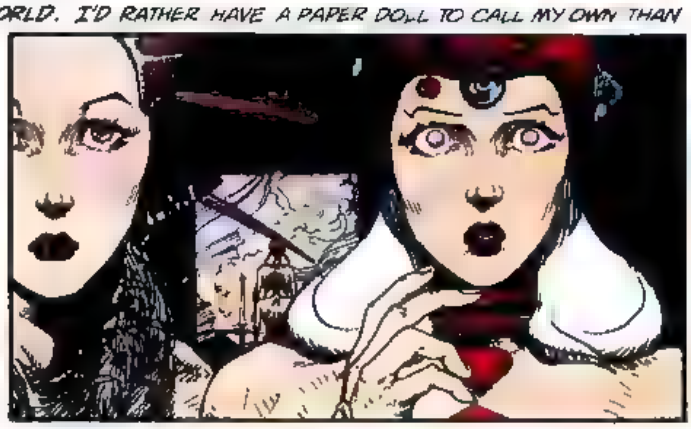
"I'M GOING TO BUY A PAPER DOLL THAT I CAN CALL MY OWN. A DOLL THAT OTHER FELLOWS CANNOT STEAL AND THEN THE FLIRTY,



FLIRTY GUYS WITH FLIRTY, FLIRTY EYES WILL HAVE TO FLIRT WITH DOLLIES THAT ARE REAL WHEN I COME HOME AT NIGHT SHE

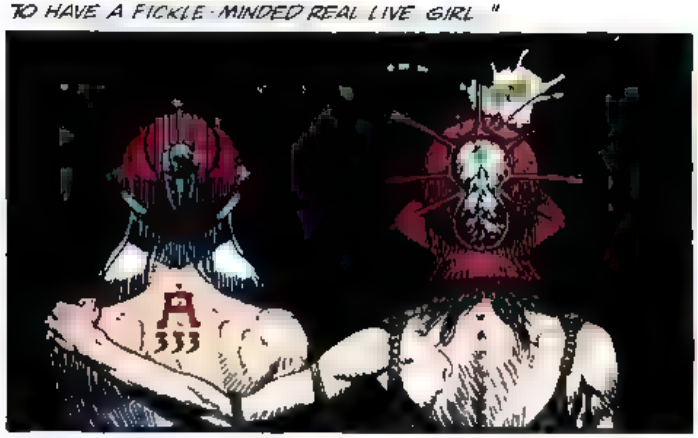
WILL BE WAITING, SHE'LL BE THE TRUEST DOLL IN ALL THIS WORLD. I'D RATHER HAVE A PAPER DOLL TO CALL MY OWN THAN





TO HAVE A FICKLE-MINDED REAL LIVE GIRL "

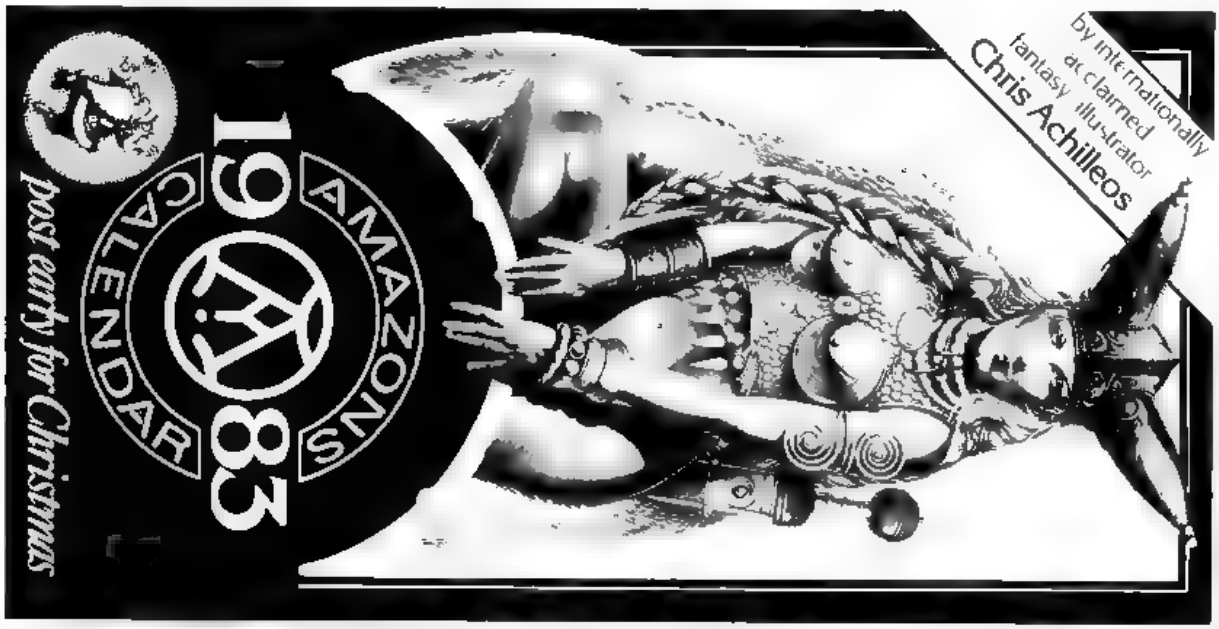
LYRICS AND MELODY BY JOHNNY S BLACK © 1942



TO BE CONTINUED

I'M AGE
© J. JONES 1982
I'M A TIRED FANTASY, WAITING FOR ANOTHER FANTASIZER
HERE COMES ONE NOW.
© JEFFREY JONES 1982
JUST WATCH I'LL BE SPITTING FIRE ANY SECOND NOW.

ME & SPACE
by Howard Cruse
OUTER SPACE! I WENT THERE ONCE
I TIED TOGETHER ALL OF THE SHEETS I'D BEEN LEFT
AND BEGAN CLIMBING!
AT A CERTAIN POINT I FOUND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO BREATHE AND I DIED!
NO POINT IN WASTING THESE!
THE LADY AT THE LAUNDROMAT EVENTUALLY RECOGNIZED MY STAINS AND RETRIEVED MY NEWER SHEETS FOR LATER USE!
MY BODY, HAPPILY, WAS EATEN BY A SCHOOL OF PLUTONIAN CLOWNFISH..
AND MY SPIRIT FREED TO BE REBORN!
GLUG SLURP!



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IGUANA

THE APE

LAST WE SAW THE EMPEROR OF JADE APPOINTED THE YOUNG APE INSPECTOR OF THE IMPERIAL STABLES. UNHAPPY WITH THIS MENIAL TITLE, HE RETURNED HOME

YOU MUST HAVE BEEN HONORED UP THERE. YOU'VE BEEN GONE FOR TEN YEARS!
TEN YEARS? IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY A FEW HOURS! NEVER FEAR, MY LOVELY, I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU AGAIN! THE EMPEROR DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO USE MY TALENTS TO HIS FULLEST ADVANTAGE, THE SWINE!

YOU KNOW, YOUNG APE... I WAS THINKING, AND I BELIEVE I'VE COME UP WITH A SUITABLE NEW TITLE FOR YOU. "TERRIFICALLY WISE MAN, EQUAL TO THE HEAVENS."

YES, I LIKE THAT! QUICK! GET A CLEAN BIT OF CLOTH, AND WRITE MY NEW TITLE ON IT. HANG IT ON THE HIGHEST MAST!
BUT... BUT I WAS ONLY KIDDING!

AND IN LESS THAN TEN YEARS THE CELESTIAL ARMY WAS READY AT THE MOUND IS THE GREAT VAISRAVANA, IN RIGHT FIELD, HIS SON NATHA, LEFT FIELD, HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, MAGIC SPIRIT, AND BATTING CLEANUP IS GENERAL FISH WHAT A MIGHTY TEAM WHAT AN ARMY!
"TERRIFICALLY WISE MAN, EQUAL TO THE HEAVENS! HA HA WHAT A LOW LIFE! HE COMES TO MY PALACE, WREAKS HAVOC IN THE CHAMBERS, DOESN'T ACCEPT THE TITLE I OFFER HIM .. DO AWAY WITH HIM, MY CHILDREN!
BUT, PAPA WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I TOLD YOU DON'T CALL ME "PAPA" IN FRONT OF THE MEN YOU T.W.I.T!
PICK A CARD ANY CARD!

AND THE CELESTIAL ARMY S OFF, HELL-BENT ON DESTRUCTION AND OTHER NOT NICE THINGS AS PER THE EMPEROR'S ORDERS- THEY ARE OUT TO GET THE YOUNG APE
REJOICE YOU DIRTY BOORISH ASS THE GREAT CELESTIAL ARMY IS HONORING YOU BY CAMPING OUT ON THE LAND WHICH YOU ARE CULT - VAT NG
BLT, BUT MY ROPS
YOU DARE TO PROTEST? POWERFUL MAGIC SPIRIT KILL THIS MAN HE IS UNDOUBTEDLY A COLLABORATOR!
NO! HAVE PITY!
CHOOSE A CARD, ANY CARD BLT BE FOREWARNED- F IT'S THE JACK OF SPADES
I'LL KILL YOU!
ZACCHETE
I'M DOOMED!
GOOD WORK, SPIRIT! NOW OFF YOU GO-TRY TO MEET WITH THIS YOUNG APE E WE CAN DO AWAY WITH HIM DURING A LITTLE ONE ON ONE, WE CAN SAVE A FEW THOUSAND SOLDIERS!

AND WHEN THE POWERFUL MAGIC SPIRIT ENTERED THE YOUNG APE'S CHAMBERS
LET'S SOLVE THIS PROBLEM WITH A MAGIC TRICK. IF I WIN, YOU CONFESS THAT YOU HAVE INDEED BEEN CONQUERED AND I'LL CUT OFF YOUR HEAD AND IF YOU WIN, YOU CONFESS THAT YOU'VE BEEN CONQUERED, AND I'LL ONLY CUT OFF YOUR TOES!
AH! WHAT A FORTHRIGHT PROPOSITION! I ACCEPT!
不空羂索
HERE'S ONE BALL. LOOK AT THE BALL. WHERE IS THE BALL? OOOPS! HERE IT IS. WATCH THE BALL. WHERE IS THE BALL NOW?
WHERE IS THE BALL NOW?
HERE!
PAM
PLINK PLINK
HE IS TOO STRONG FOR ME, VAISRAVANA. MY MAGIC IS NO MATCH FOR HIM!
MAGIC SPIRIT, YOU HAVE LET ME DOWN!
SEND ME, FATHER!
MY SON, WHAT A TWIT. WELL, I CAN'T REFUSE MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD.
SO BE IT, MY BRAVE SON!

AH' LOOK AT WHAT A BEAUT FUL LITTLE BOY THEY HAVE SENT ME TO FIGHT WHY HE STILL HAS HIS BABY TEETH'
KNIGHT WRY
YOU REPULSIVE MONKEY' I AM THE THIRD SON OF VAISRAVANA' STRIKE NOW OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE'
HEYYYYY, MICROBE BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU PLAY WITH SWORDS'
TRANSFORM AT!!!NOT
WELL, LOOKEE HERE WHO WOULD HAVE EVER THOUGHT THAT THIS LITTLE KID COULD DO THAT'

COME ON!
ATTACK!
TRANSFORMATION!
TRANS
MATION!

THE CADDY W LL HAVE A HELLUVA T.ME FINDING THIS BALL!
STACK
HELP, PAPAAAAAAAAAA
HEH, WHAT'S THAT? A MARTIAN? A METEOR?
THE YOUNG APE IS TOO STRONG' EMPEROR' WE NEED RE.N- FORCE- MENTS'
YOU KNOW HE COULD BEAT THE EN- TRE CELESTIAL ARMY IF HE WANTED TO AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO IF THE COM- MUNISTS COME?
WHAT ARE YOU SUG- GESTING, INDIRA, THAT WE NEGOTIATE WITH H M AND PER- HAPS RECOGNIZE HIS TITLE AS THE GREAT WISE APE?
WELL, WITHOUT SAL- ARY, NATURALLY AND, OF COURSE, NO RESPONSIBILITY'

IF THE PAY WASN'T AS GOOD, I'D QUIT! I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT A HOLD THAT VULGAR APE HAS ON THE EMPEROR!
YOU HAVE BEEN SUMMONED ONCE AGAIN. THIS TIME THE RED CARPET WILL BE ROLLED OUT FOR YOU
IF YOU ARE LYING TO ME I'LL DISMANTLE THE PALACE, BRICK BY BRICK, SET FIRE TO THE SACRED CLOUDS, AND BURY YOU UNDERNEATH THE WHOLE MESS!
WHAT A DRAG!
SO, WHAT DO YOU SAY? SHALL WE GO TOGETHER?
I'D LIKE THAT, BUT I HAVE NOTHING TO WEAR EXCEPT THIS OLD RAG!
THE DAY OF ACCESSION
YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS VERY ATTRACTIVE!
KEEP YOUR PAWS OFF OF HER, EMPEROR!

TO BE CONTINUED

GOTCHA!

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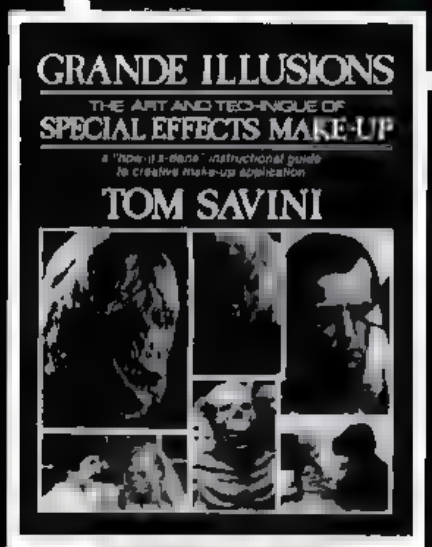

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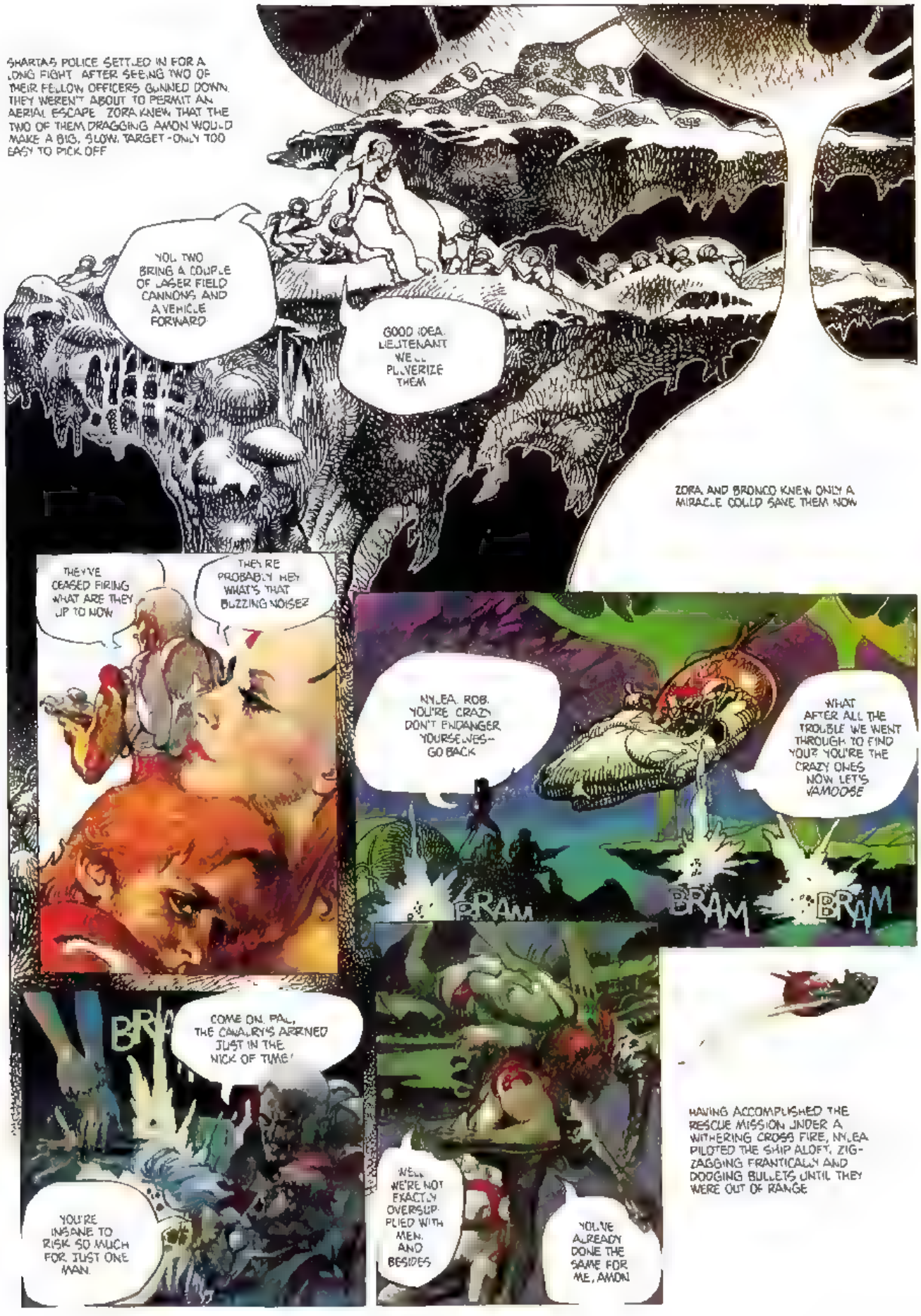
ZORA

SO FAR: RETURNING TO THE HONEYCOMB ON THE REACTIVATED *GENESIS II* STARSHIP, CAPTAIN ZORA, HER LIEUTENANT NYLEA, THE TWO HYBERNAUTS AMON AND BRONCO, AND THE EARTHMAN ROB, FIND A PLANET IN TURMOIL AWAITING THEM. A REVOLT AGAINST THE TYRANNICAL SISTERHOOD IS IN PROGRESS, AND THE *GENESIS II* IS ABOUT TO CRASH-LAND INTO THE VERY THICK

YOU DID IT, ZORA! YOU'RE INCREDIBLE
WITH SOME GOOD LUCK TO HELP ME BUT I WRECKED ANOTHER SHIP!
WHAT DOES THAT MATTER? WE'RE STILL ALIVE AND WELL, AREN'T WE?
OH, AMON...
CAPTAIN ZORA! INSTRUMENTS READ LIFE FORMS APPROACHING!
THE AUTOMATIC ATMOSPHERE CONTROLS MUST HAVE SEALED THE SHELL BREACH AND STABILIZED THE AIR PRESSURE. WHAT'S OUR POSITION?
WE'VE LANDED IN THE PALACE OF ENERGY'S SOUTH WING, CAPTAIN
THAT'S ENEMY TERRITORY! THOSE MUST BE SHARTAK'S GUARDS APPROACHING
WE MUST LEAVE THE SHIP AT ONCE AND HEAD FOR COVER. EVERYONE INTO THEIR ANTI-GRAV UNITS!

KEEP UNDER COVER. HOLD YOUR FIRE UNTIL YOU CAN SEE THEM
AMON, BRONCO. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE OPERATING YOUR ANTI-GRAV UNITS - BUT JUST IN CASE STICK CLOSE BEHIND ME
THERE'S NO SIGN OF SHARTAK'S TROOPS THEY MUST STILL BE TOO FAR OFF
WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH GO!
GREAT NOW YOU TWO, FOLLOW ME!
FIRE!
HEY YOU FOOLS! WHERE ARE YOU SHOOTING! ARGH!

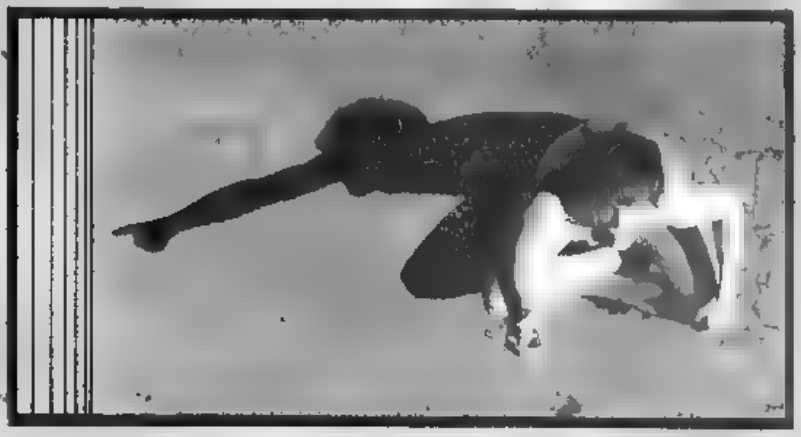
FRAM
AARRGGHH!
CHRIST AMON'S HIT!
SQUASH
GODDAMN BITCHES! DON'T WORRY, PAL I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE
OH AMON NOOOO!
DON'T BE A FOOL I'VE HAD IT!
ZRUMP
ZUMS
ZUMS
ZUMS
KEEP GOING WE'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU LATER
DON'T WORRY AMON, BRONCO AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF SHARTAK'S SOLDIERS AND THEN CARRY YOU OUT
MY ANTI-GRAV TOOK A DIRECT HIT. I'M RUINED! GET AWAY WHILE YOU CAN.
AIM FOR THE ONES TRYING TO ESCAPE! FIRE
THOSE LOUSY WHORES! THEY'LL GET MY COMMANDER OVER MY DEAD BODY
ARGGGGHHHH!
WRAM
LOOK OUT! OWWW!
WRAM


SHARTAS POLICE SETTLED IN FOR A LONG FIGHT. AFTER SEEING TWO OF THEIR FELLOW OFFICERS GUNNED DOWN, THEY WEREN'T ABOUT TO PERMIT AN AERIAL ESCAPE. ZORA KNEW THAT THE TWO OF THEM, DRAGGING AMON, WOULD MAKE A BIG, SLOW, TARGET - ONLY TOO EASY TO PICK OFF
YOU, TWO BRING A COUPLE OF LASER FIELD CANNONS AND A VEHICLE FORWARD
GOOD IDEA, LIEUTENANT WE'LL PULVERIZE THEM
ZORA AND BRONCO KNEW ONLY A MIRACLE COULD SAVE THEM NOW
THEY'VE CEASED FIRING. WHAT ARE THEY UP TO NOW
THEY'RE PROBABLY HEY WHAT'S THAT BUZZING NOISE?
NYLEA, ROB, YOU'RE CRAZY DON'T ENDANGER YOURSELVES-- GO BACK
WHAT AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE WE WENT THROUGH TO FIND YOU? YOU'RE THE CRAZY ONES NOW LET'S VAMOOSE
BRAM
BRAM
BRAM
BR
COME ON, PAL, THE CAVALRY'S ARRIVED JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!
YOU'RE INSANE TO RISK SO MUCH FOR JUST ONE MAN.
WELL, WE'RE NOT EXACTLY OVERSUPPLIED WITH MEN. AND BESIDES
YOU'VE ALREADY DONE THE SAME FOR ME, AMON
HAVING ACCOMPLISHED THE RESCUE MISSION UNDER A WITHERING CROSS FIRE, NYLEA PILOTED THE SHIP ALOFT, ZIG-ZAGGING FRANTICALLY AND DODGING BULLETS UNTIL THEY WERE OUT OF RANGE

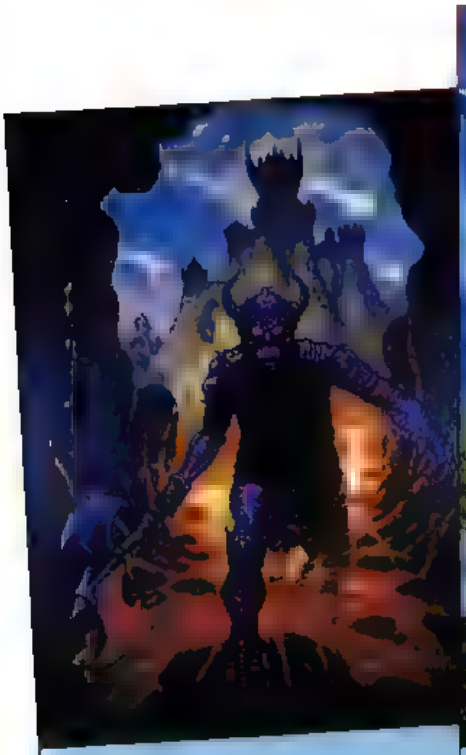
ONCE THEY REACHED LESS HOSTILE TERRITORY, THE NOW-UNCONSCIOUS AMON WAS PLACED IN A GIANT AUTO-MEDIC. READ OUTS ON THE CONSOLE REGISTERED HIS VITAL FUNCTIONS, WHILE PROJECTED ON THE SCREEN ABOVE WERE THE IMAGES THAT FLASHED THROUGH HIS MIND. HIS WHOLE LIFE STORY PASSED BEFORE THEM, FROM THE EARLIEST IMPRESSIONS OF HIS MEMORY, UP TO THE MOMENT HE WAS PLACED IN THE HIBERNATION CAPSULE.
IT LOOKS SERIOUS, MYRA. DO YOU THINK ONE OF YOUR SPECIALISTS IS NEEDED?
DON'T DESPAIR, BRONCO. THE AUTO-MEDIC MACHINE'S TRANSFUSES DRUGS, ADMINISTERS TREATMENT, AND ALSO PERFORMS SURGERY WHEN NECESSARY.
LEVELS ONE TO TEN OF THE AUTO-MEDIC ACTIVATED
LIFE FUNCTIONS AT LEVEL THREE TEMPERATURE 104 DEGREES SONIC AND RADIAL PROBES WORKING HEMOGRAPH, BIOENERGY SPECTOGRAPH, AND CELLULAR HOLOGRAPH REGISTERING
LEVEL THREE TREATMENT REJECTED. THOSE DAMAGED AREAS ARE RESISTING RE GENERATION. WHAT DO YOU THINK, SONA?
THE ANALYSIS REVEALS FOREIGN ELEMENTS HIS LONG HIBERNATION, PLUS EXPOSURE TO TERRESTRIAL RADIOACTIVITY, MIGHT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE NEW FACTORS
MONITOR B-16 TO AUTO-MEDIC. BEGIN RESTORATION PROGRAM. PARTIAL PROGRAMS SUPPRESSED. I HOPE THIS WORKS

TO BE CONTINUED...

BURN OUT



Ah, those Brothers Hildebrandt!



2

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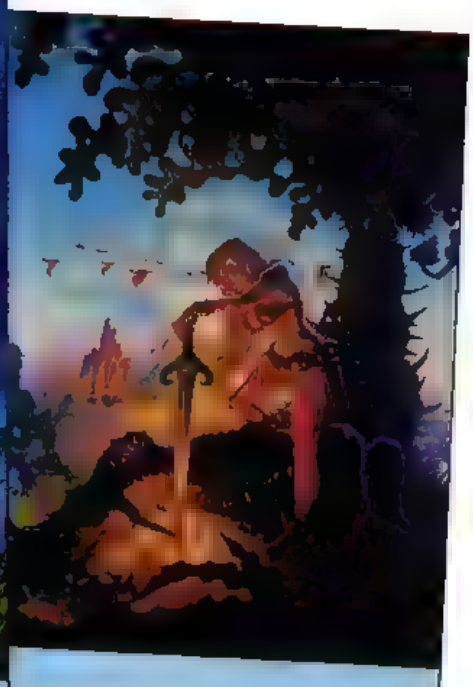

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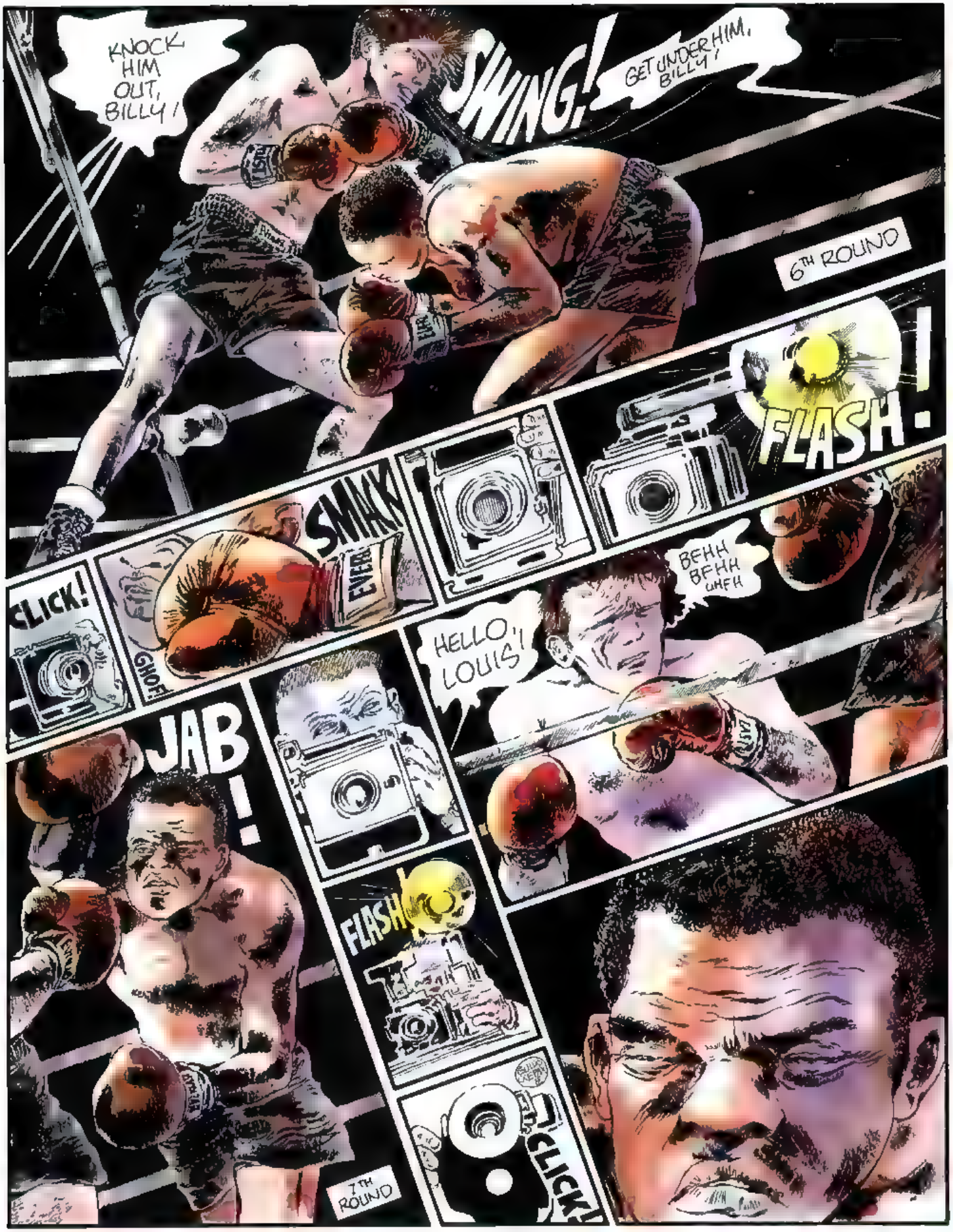
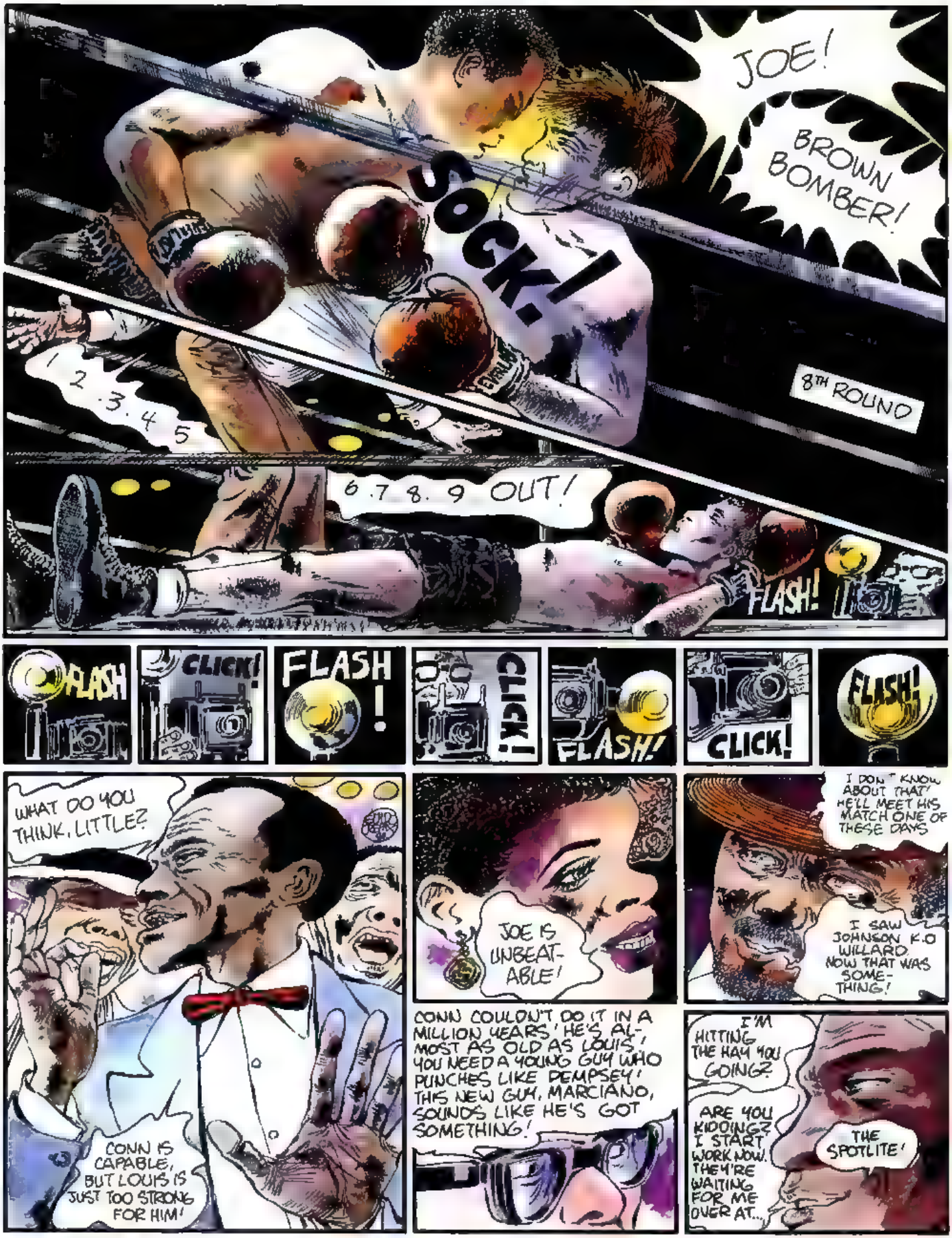
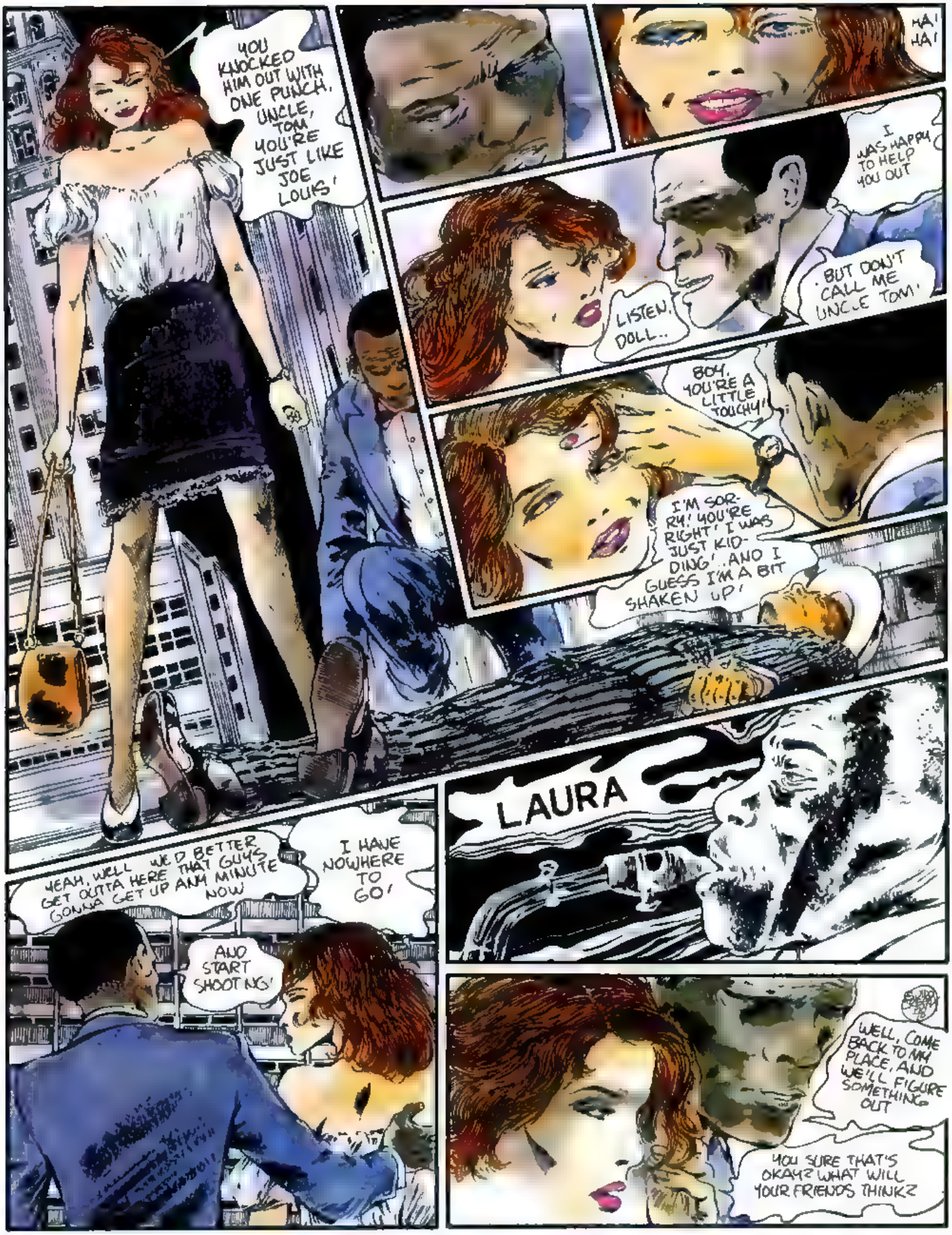
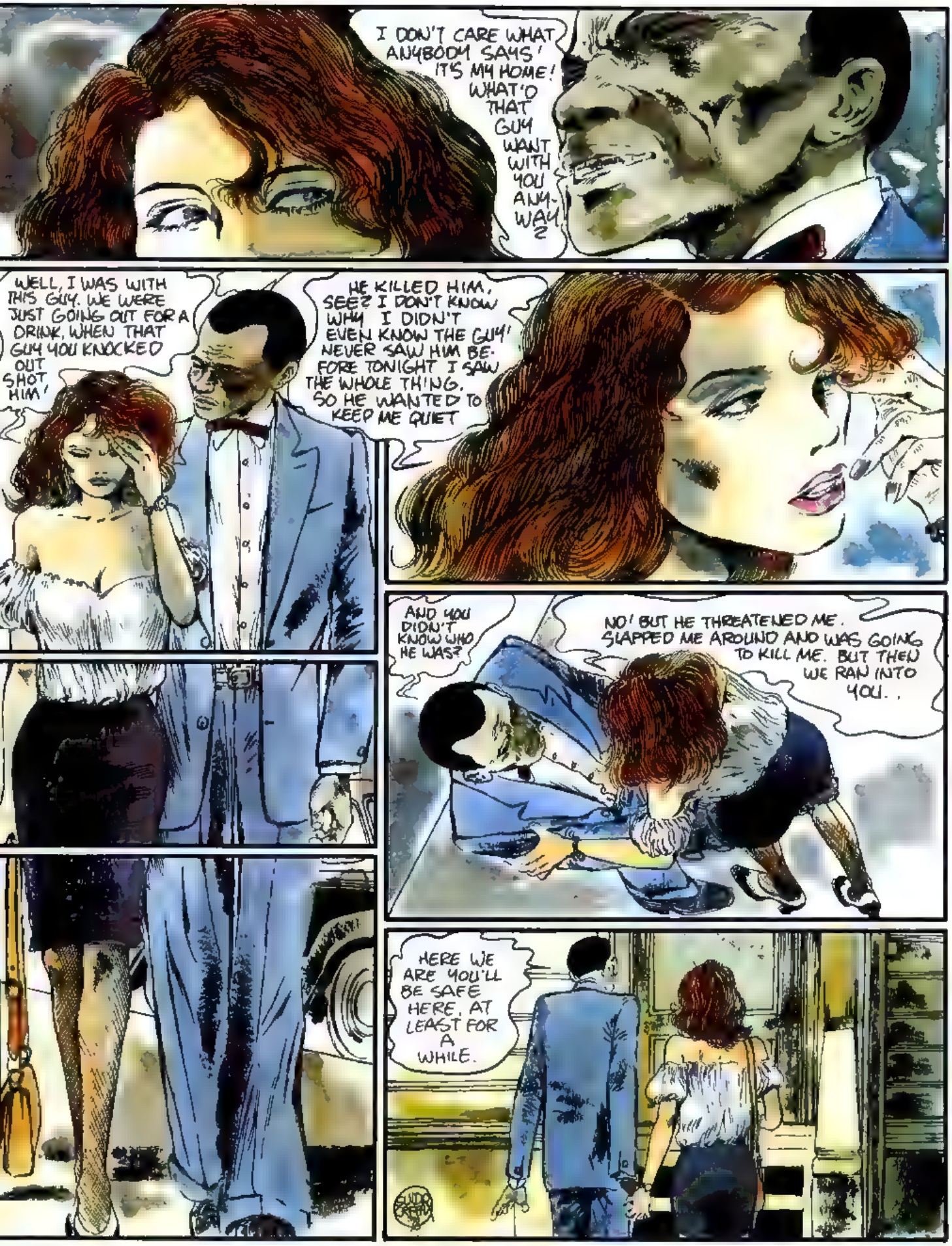

KNOCK HIM OUT, BILLY!
SWING!
GET UNDER HIM, BILLY!
6TH ROUND
FLASH!
SMACK
EVER
GHOF
CLICK!
BEHH BFHH UHFH
HELLO, LOUIS!
JAB!
FLASH
CLICK!
7TH ROUND

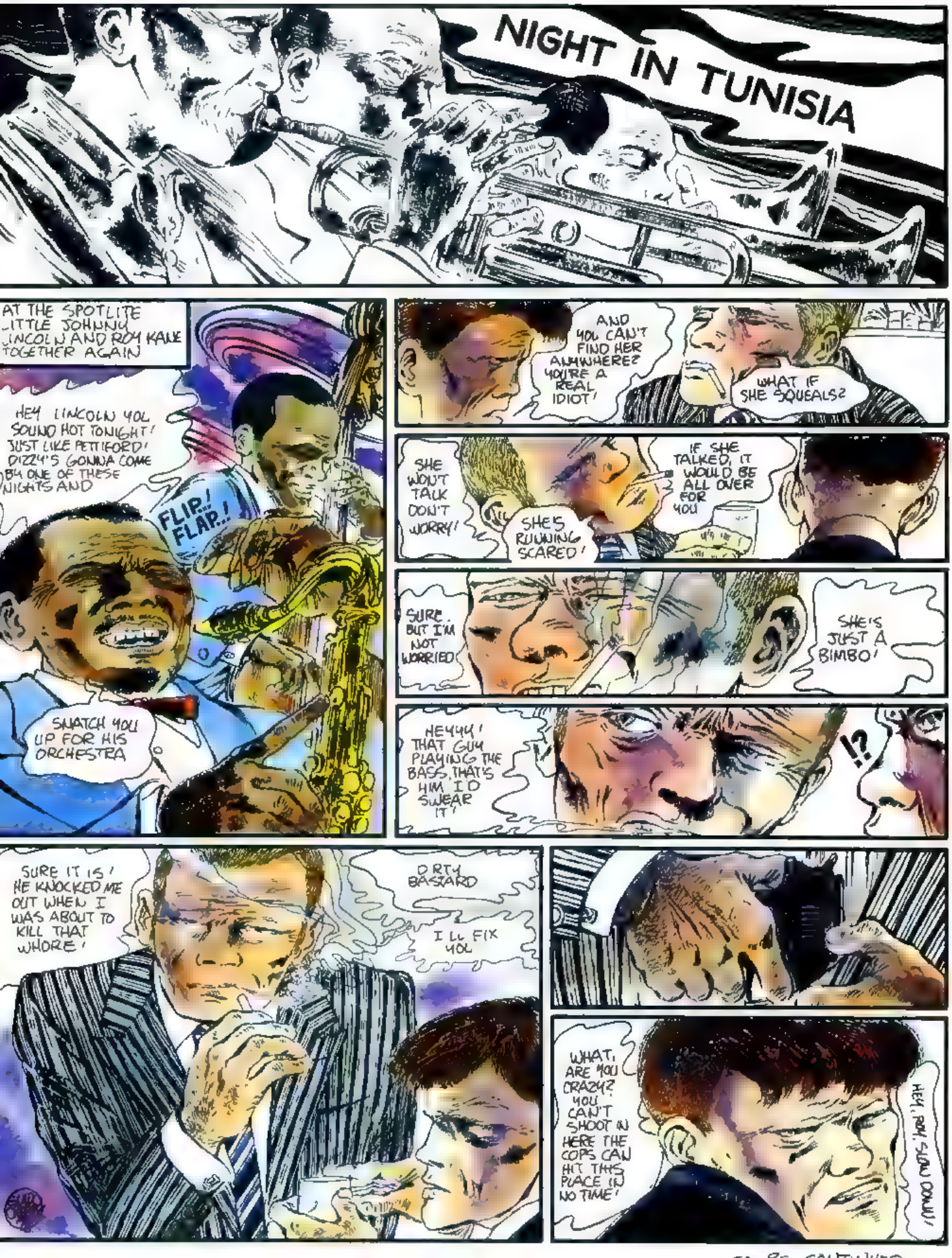

JOE!
BROWN BOMBER!
SOCK!
1.2.3.4.5
8TH ROUND
6.7.8.9 OUT!
FLASH!
FLASH
CLICK!
FLASH!
CLICK!
FLASH!
CLICK!
FLASH!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, LITTLE?
CONN IS CAPABLE, BUT LOUIS IS JUST TOO STRONG FOR HIM!
JOE IS UNBEATABLE!
CONN COULDN'T DO IT IN A MILLION YEARS! HE'S ALMOST AS OLD AS LOUIS! YOU NEED A YOUNG GUY WHO PUNCHES LIKE DEMPSEY! THIS NEW GUY, MARCIANO, SOUNDS LIKE HE'S GOT SOMETHING!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT! HE'LL MEET HIS MATCH ONE OF THESE DAYS
I SAW JOHNSON K.O WILLARD NOW THAT WAS SOMETHING!
I'M HITTING THE HAY YOU GOING?
ARE YOU KIDDING? I START WORK NOW. THEY'RE WAITING FOR ME OVER AT...
THE SPOTLITE!

PEPSI
RKO
TO-NITE
THIS IS IT!
HEY, THAD, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
THEY'RE SHOOTING! WE'D BETTER GET OUTTA HERE, LINCOLN!
WHOZ WHATZ WHEREZ
MILLIES TATTOO
I'M SPLIT-TING!
CLAP!.. CLAP!.. CLAP!..
THAD ALWAYS EXAGGERATES! WHO THE HELL WOULD WANT TO BOTHER WITH POOR BASTARDS LIKE US?
HELP!
HELP!
STOP, YOU DAMNED WHORE, OR I'LL KILL YOU!
NOK!
NOK!
SLAP! SLAP!

BIRD GETS THE WORM
GET AWAY FROM ME!
NOK! NOK! NOK!
I'LL CATCH YOU
AHH
EH! WHAT
...TI...
SMACK!
UHHH!


YOU KNOCKED HIM OUT WITH ONE PUNCH, UNCLE, TOM YOU'RE JUST LIKE JOE LOUIS!
HA! HA!
I WAS HAPPY TO HELP YOU OUT
LISTEN, DOLL..
BUT DON'T CALL ME UNCLE TOM!
BOY, YOU'RE A LITTLE TOUCHY!
I'M SORRY! YOU'RE RIGHT, I WAS JUST KIDDING! AND I GUESS I'M A BIT SHAKEN UP!
LAURA
YEAH, WELL WE'D BETTER GET OUTTA HERE THAT GUYS GONNA GET UP ANY MINUTE NOW
I HAVE NOWHERE TO GO!
AND START SHOOTING!
WELL, COME BACK TO MY PLACE, AND WE'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT
YOU SURE THAT'S OKAY? WHAT WILL YOUR FRIENDS THINK?

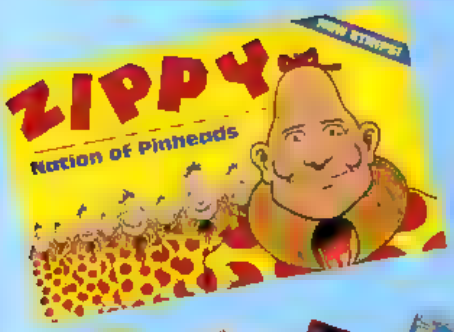

I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYBODY SAYS! IT'S MY HOME! WHAT'D THAT GUY WANT WITH YOU ANYWAY?
WELL, I WAS WITH THIS GUY. WE WERE JUST GOING OUT FOR A DRINK, WHEN THAT GUY YOU KNOCKED OUT SHOT HIM!
HE KILLED HIM, SEE? I DON'T KNOW WHY I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE GUY! NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE TONIGHT I SAW THE WHOLE THING. SO HE WANTED TO KEEP ME QUIET
AND YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS?
NO! BUT HE THREATENED ME. SLAPPED ME AROUND AND WAS GOING TO KILL ME. BUT THEN WE RAN INTO YOU..
HERE WE ARE YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE, AT LEAST FOR A WHILE.
GUIDO CREPAX


NIGHT IN TUNISIA
AT THE SPOTLITE LITTLE JOHNNY LINCOLN AND ROY KALE TOGETHER AGAIN
HEY LINCOLN YOU SOUND HOT TONIGHT! JUST LIKE PETTIFORD! DIZZY'S GONNA COME BY ONE OF THESE NIGHTS AND
FLIP! FLAP!
SNATCH YOU UP FOR HIS ORCHESTRA
AND YOU CAN'T FIND HER ANYWHERE? YOU'RE A REAL IDIOT!
WHAT IF SHE SQUEALS?
SHE WON'T TALK DON'T WORRY!
SHE'S RUNNING SCARED!
IF SHE TALKED, IT WOULD BE ALL OVER FOR YOU
SURE, BUT I'M NOT WORRIED
SHE'S JUST A BIMBO!
HEY!!! THAT GUY PLAYING THE BASS, THAT'S HIM I'D SWEAR IT!
!?
SURE IT IS! HE KNOCKED ME OUT WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO KILL THAT WHORE!
DIRTY BASTARD
I'LL FIX YOU
WHAT, ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU CAN'T SHOOT IN HERE THE COPS CAN HIT THIS PLACE IN NO TIME!
HEY, ROY! SLOW DOWN!

TO BE CONTINUED..

ZIPPY

...AM I MERCHANDISED YET??



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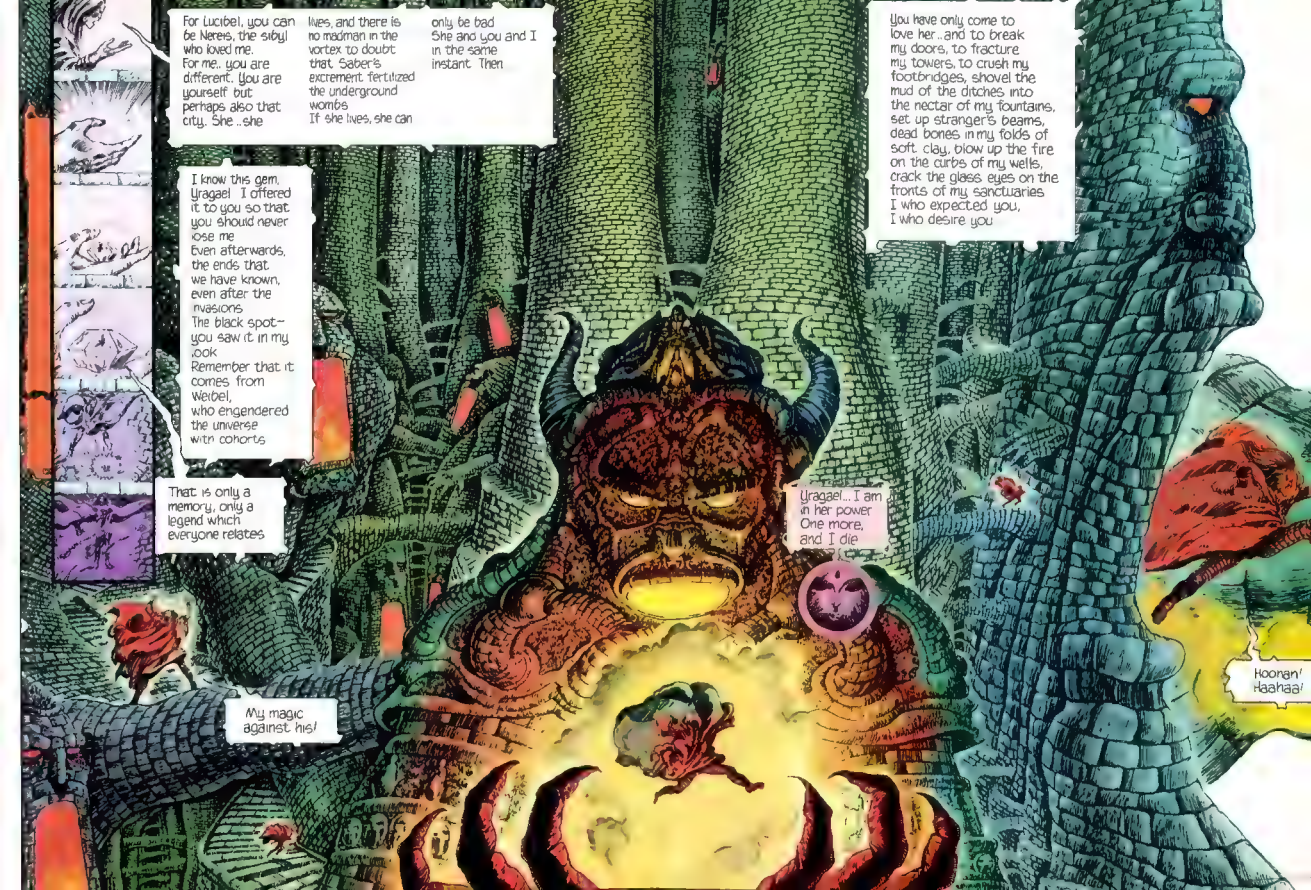
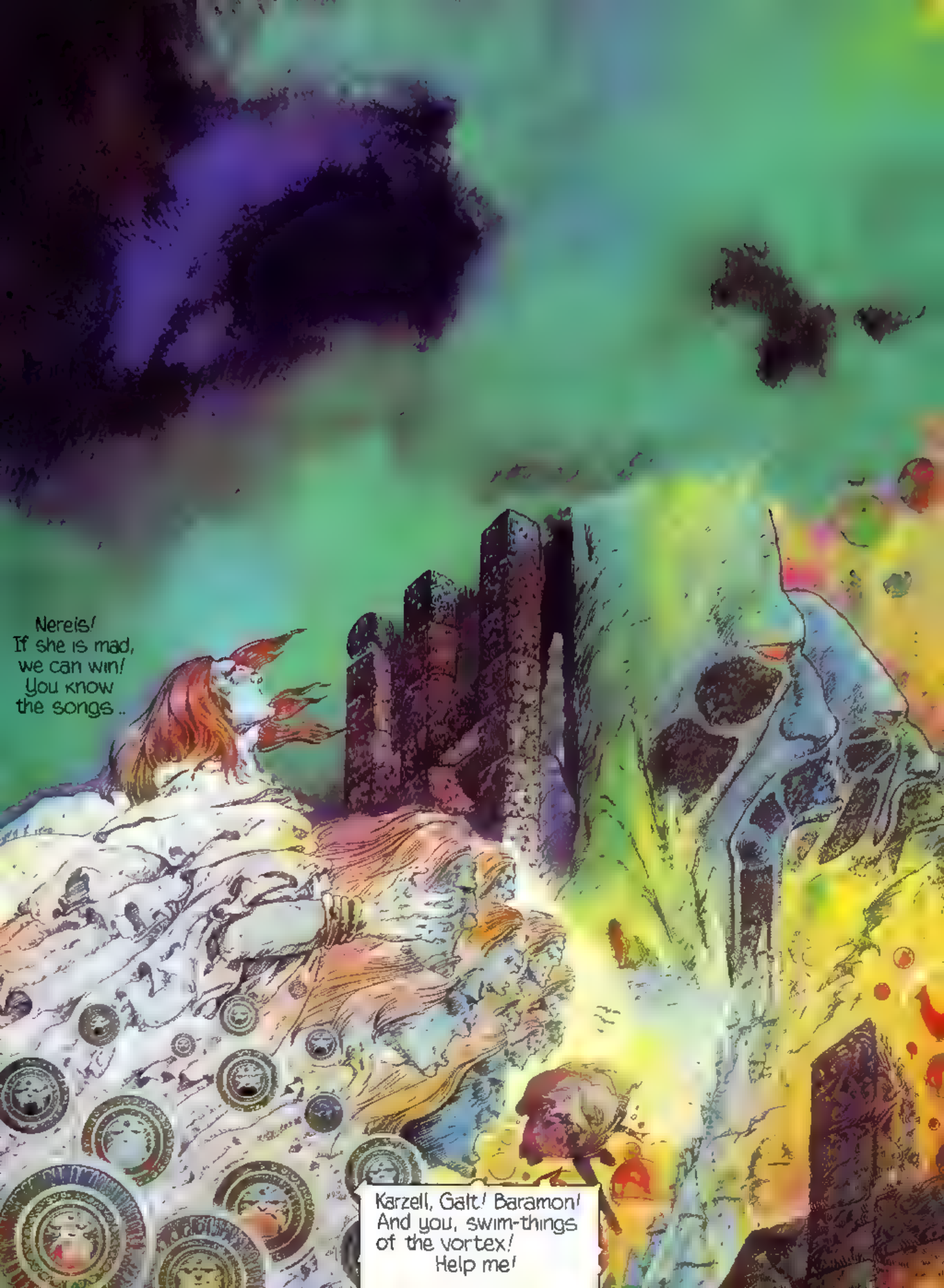
You are Spharain, the city?
Neres!
KRAGAGZ


For Lucibel, you can be Nereis, the sibyl who loved me. For me.. you are different. You are yourself but perhaps also that city. She ..she lives, and there is no madman in the vortex to doubt that. Saber's excrement fertilized the underground wombs If she lives, she can only be bad She and you and I in the same instant. Then
You have only come to love her..and to break my doors, to fracture my towers, to crush my footbridges, shovel the mud of the ditches into the nectar of my fountains, set up stranger's beams, dead bones in my folds of soft clay, blow up the fire on the curbs of my wells, crack the glass eyes on the fronts of my sanctuaries I who expected you, I who desire you
I know this gem, Uragael I offered it to you so that you should never lose me Even afterwards, the ends that we have known, even after the invasions The black spot-- you saw it in my look Remember that it comes from Weibel, who engendered the universe with cohorts
That is only a memory, only a legend which everyone relates
Uragael... I am in her power One more, and I die
My magic against his!
Hoorah! Haahaa!


Nereis! If she is mad, we can win! You know the songs..
Karzell, Galt! Baramon! And you, swim-things of the vortex! Help me!

SO ONCE MORE YOU WILL FIND THE DESIRE WHICH WAS YOUR LINK AGES AGO, LONG BEFORE THE HORDES CAME DOWN FROM THE NORTH, YRAGAEL. YOUR BODY EXHAUSTS IN HIDEOUS EMBRACES, BEFORE I AM CONSCIOUS OF MY NAME-A STILL MORE VIOLENT DESIRE. TO SATISFY IT, EVERY MOVEMENT YOU MAKE WILL COST YOU DAYS OF PAIN. HERE, UNDER MY METEORIC SKIN, THE OLD DÉMONS WILL HAUNT YOU NO MORE. A TIME WILL COME WHEN YOU WILL HAVE TO LOVE YOURSELF WITH LIVING FLESH AND, AS I DO, TRIM YOUR OWN ORIFICES.

END

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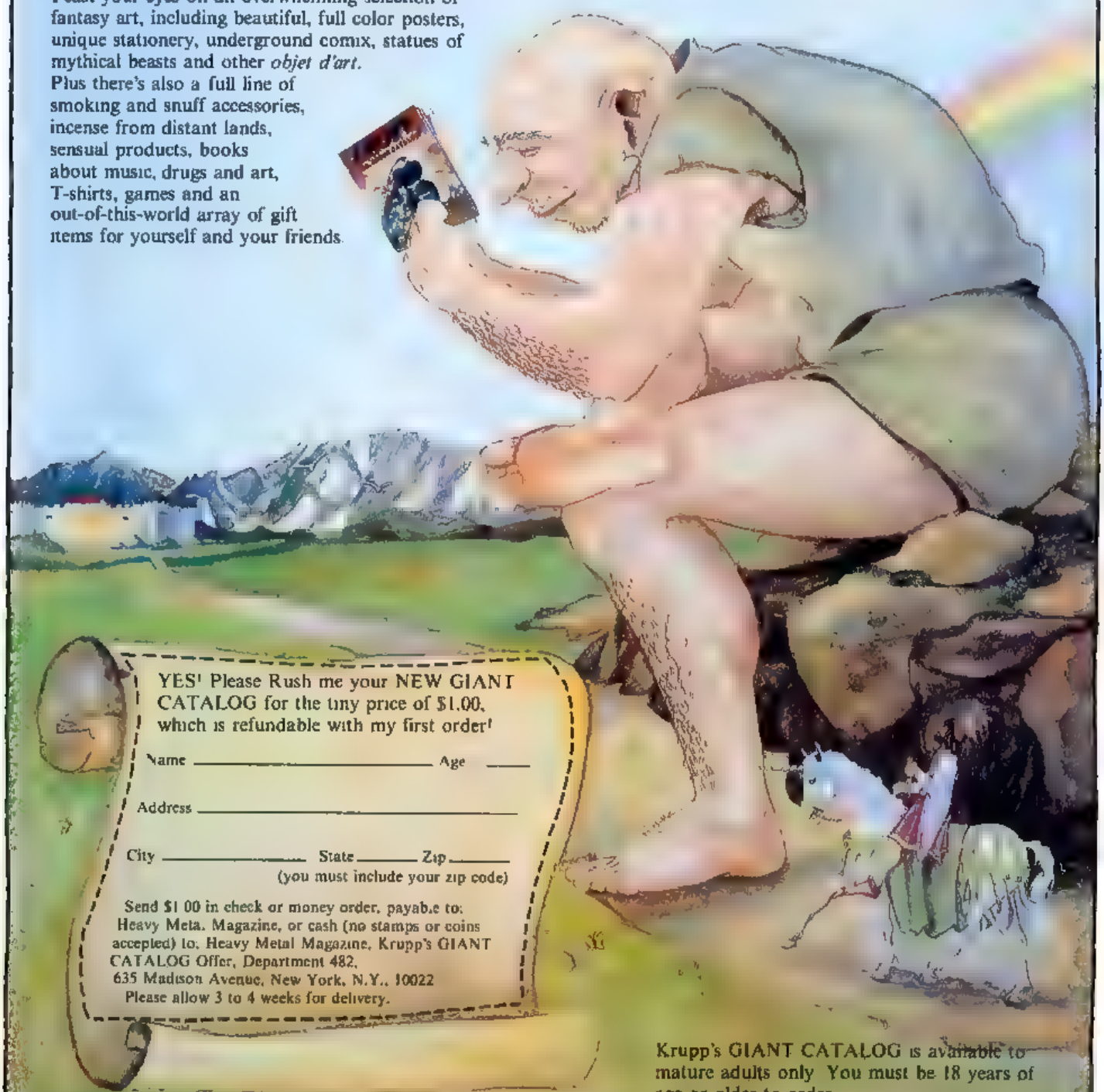

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FREAK SHOW

THE STORY SO FAR THE TOWNSPEOPLE LISTENED INTENTLY TO THE TALE OF VALKER WHO HAD MADE A MOST HORRIFYING DISCOVERY

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING REVEALED ALL THE FREAKS WERE THERE, EVEN AS VALKER HAD FEARED, HIDEOUSLY BURNED AND SCORCHED BY THE FIRE DEAD EYES WATCHING HIM FROM WITHIN THEIR SEPARATE FORMALDEHYDE JARS LINED UP IN NEAT ROWS ON WOODEN SHELVES, EACH BEARING THE NAME OF ITS HOST ROBIN POSE ZIGMUND WILHELM
Robin
VALKER SCREAMED

DEJA! DEJA, LET ME OUT!
IT WASN'T YOUR CHILD I BROUGHT TO YOU THAT MORNING, WRETCH! IT WAS MY OWN
IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO DRUNK
IF YOU'D GIVEN ME TIME TO, EXPLAIN!
YOUR OWN CHILD WAS BORN PERFECTLY NORMAL!
DEJA! WAIT!
WE'D ALWAYS BE TOGETHER, YOU SAID. HEH-HEH!
WELL WE'RE TOGETHER NOW
DEJA!

ABRUPTLY THE WAGON STARTED FORWARD WITH A LURCH. VALKER WAS THROWN VIOLENTLY TO THE FLOOR
HE LOOKED UP AT THE BLOATED, GRINNING DEFORMITIES SLOSHING LAZILY IN THEIR BOTTLES
DEAD EYES MOCKING HIM
VALKER SCREAMED AGAIN. A SHRILL AND PIERCING SHRIEK OF ABSOLUTE MIND NUMBING TERROR. INSANITY BUBBLED BEHIND HIS WIDENING PUPILS
IT IS HE WHO WAS DANCING BEFORE THE WAGON WHEN I PULLED YOU FROM THE FIRE
ARE YOU SURE HE IS MY FATHER, DEJAR?
HE IS YOUR FATHER, CELA.
THEN OUR JOURNEY IS NEARLY AT AN END

AND THAT DEAR FRIENDS IS THE END OF MY TALE OF WOE AND MISERY
I HOPE IT HAS AMUSED YOU REMEMBER IT WELL, SPREAD IT AMONG YOURSELVES. FOR YOU SHALL HEAR IT ONLY THIS ONCE FROM ME
AS YOU SHALL SEE ONLY THIS ONCE THAT WHICH LIES HIDDEN BEH ND THIS CHARRED CURTAIN
CARRY T WITH YOU ALWAYS
CARRY IT TO YOUR GRAVES
AS I WILL!

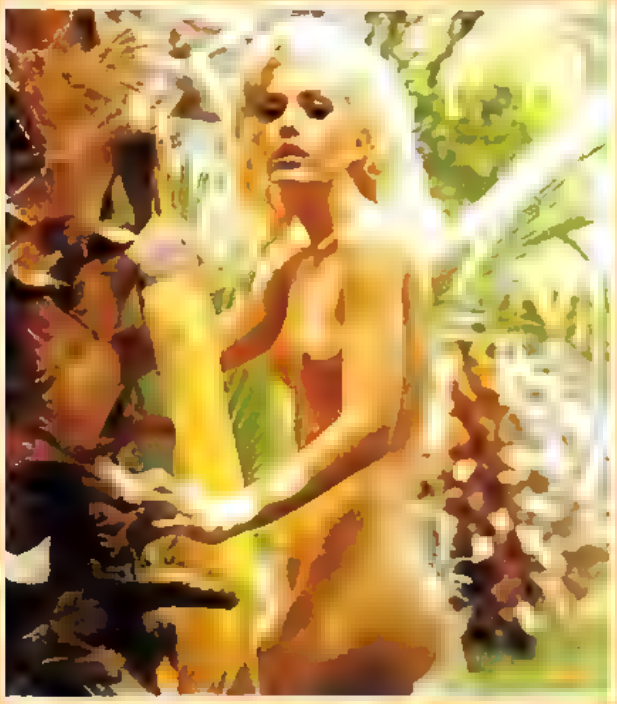
THE CROWD SCREAMS IN UNISON STAGGERING BACK IN REVULSION SOME OF THE WOMEN NOD, PASS OUT SEVERAL OF THE MEN TWIST AWAY, BEND DOUBLE, VOMIT
VALKER IS THERE—WITH HIS FREAKS, ROBIN, POSIE, WILHELM, ZIGMUND, AND ALL THE REST. THE CHARRED PARTS OF THEIR DEFORMED BODIES HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY DISMEMBERED AND SEWN, WITH SURGICAL SKILL AT RANDOM, ONTO VALKER'S OWN. HE IS A PATCHWORK OF DISFIGURED HEADS, ARMS, FLIPPERS, BIRD FEET, SCALES A LIVING COMPOSITE OF EVERY FREAK IN THE SHOW.
VALKER GAZES OUTWARD THROUGH GLAZED ORBS, GRINNING STUPIDLY AT THE SCATTERING CROWD, NO SANITY LEFT BEHIND HIS EYES
AND ABOVE HIS NODDING HEAD, IN DRIPPING, HASTILY SCRAWLED LETTERS, IS THE SAME CRYPTIC SLOGAN THAT HAD SO MANY TIMES PASSED THROUGH HIS OWN WRETCHED LIPS
LET THESE WRETCHES
CLING TOGETHER REMIND YOU OF
YOUR GOOD FORTUNE
END

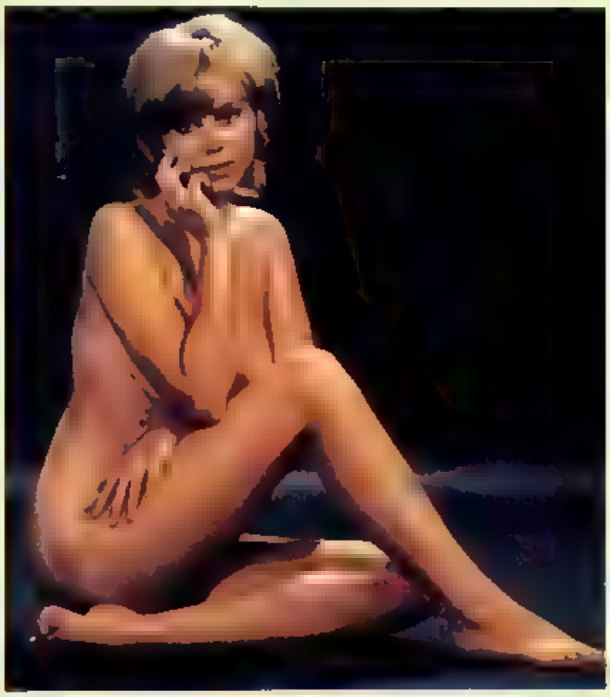
By subscribing to *National Lampoon* you can help us settle a terrible argument between Mandy and Candy.

Mandy and Candy here have just had one of the most awful arguments you ever heard. Well, Mandy told Candy (they're both marketing experts with MBAs) that she could sell more subscriptions to *National Lampoon* by wearing lots of eye shadow and posing in wholesome outdoor surroundings than Candy could posing her way. Candy said, "Tell me another one!"

Candy says that modern men respond better to a sales pitch that features an attractive woman, wearing minimal makeup, more coyly posed against a plain dark background. "Double phooey," says Mandy.

So it's up to you, the reader, to settle this argument by subscribing to the marketing technique of your choice. You can also save money, but that's a minor point outlined on the coupon. So, please, subscribe today for the marketing MBA of your choice and help us settle this argument between two girls we're very, very fond of. Maybe then we'll get some peace.





"I just know I'm right," says Mandy. "Fill out my coupon and help me really show Candy!"

Sirs:

As far as I'm concerned, MBA Mandy has the superior theory. Put me down for her.

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Sirs:

I go along with MBA Candy. In the acumen and marketing-strategy department she couldn't be more right. Sign me up.

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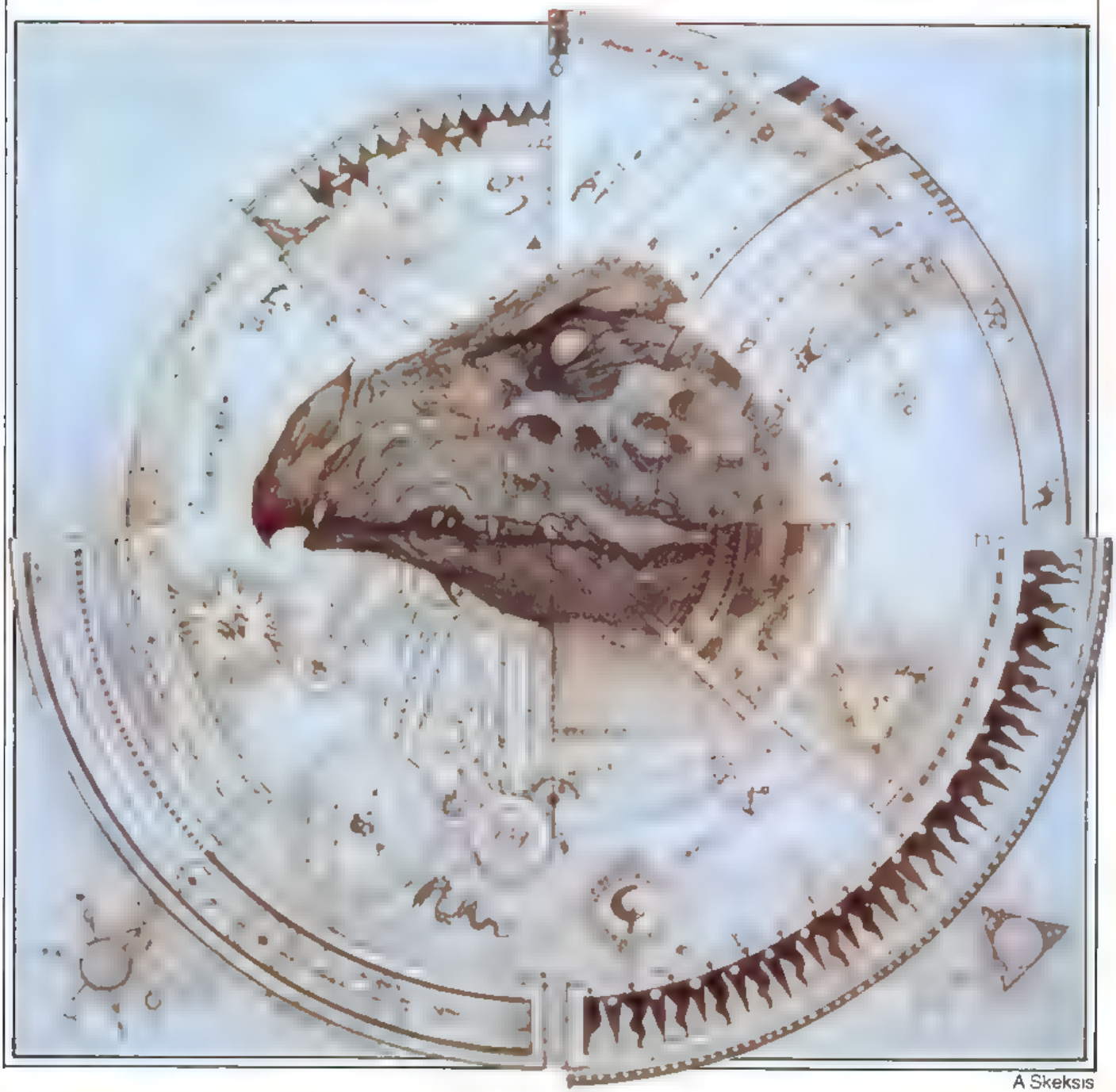
"Use my coupon to subscribe to *National Lampoon*," says Candy. "I've just got to put that Mandy in her place. She thinks she knows everything."

GALLERY:

THE DARK CRYSTAL

THE TWINKLE IN BRIAN FROUD'S EYE



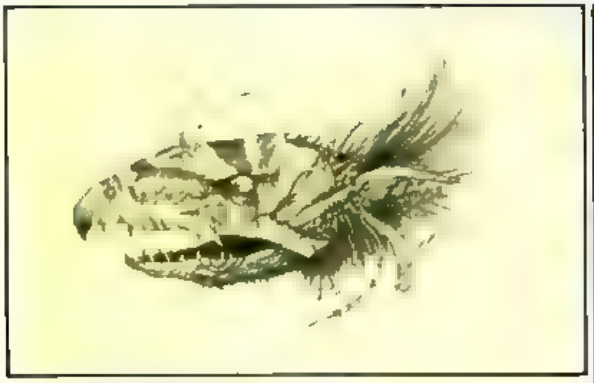
A Skeksis

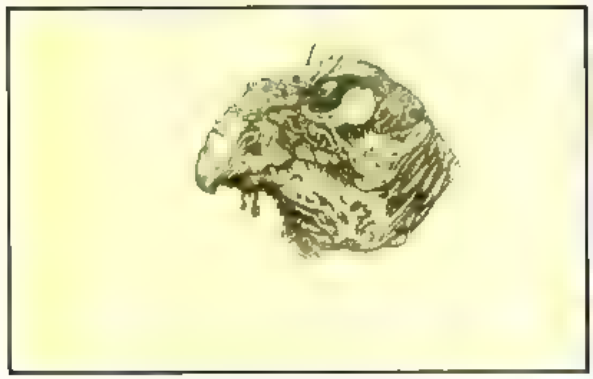
All sketches and illustrations in this spread are by Brian Froud

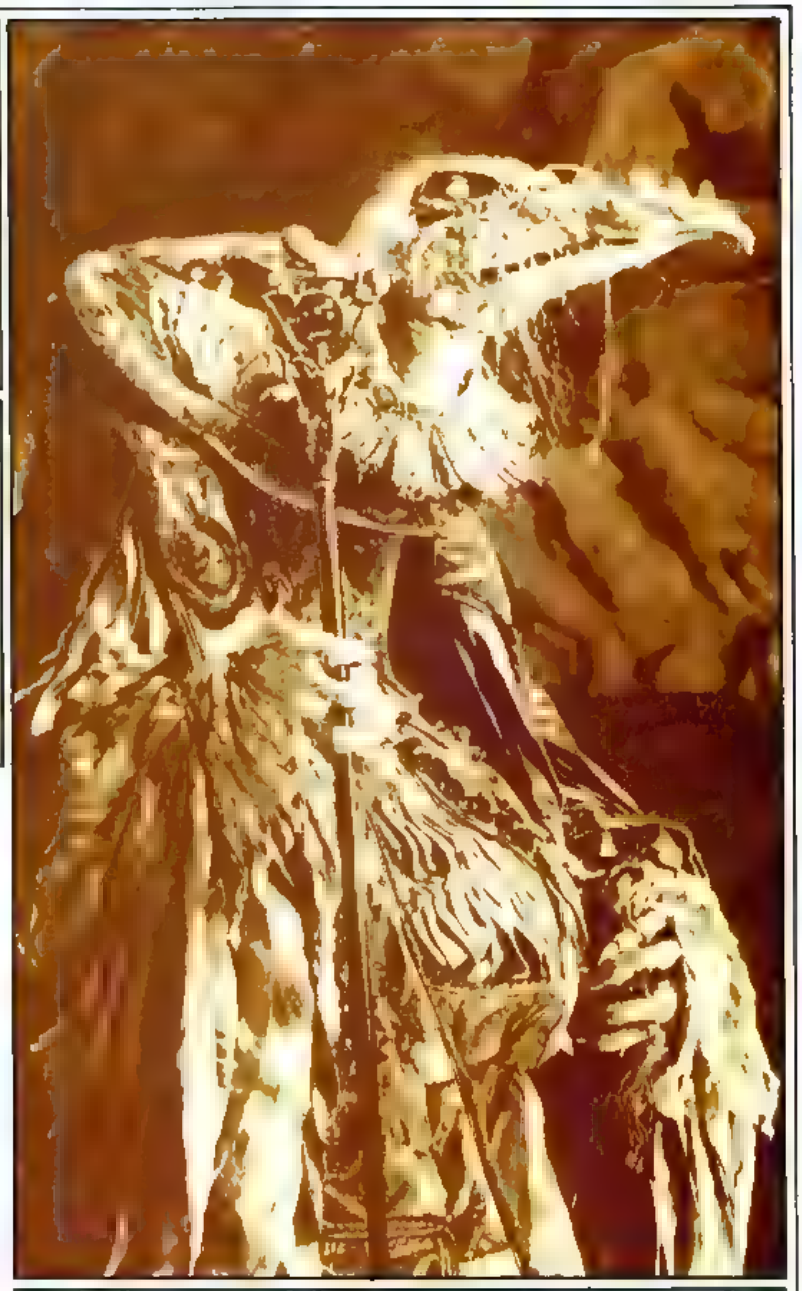
THE DARK CRYSTAL

Due out this December, *The Dark Crystal* is an adventure film chock full o' creatures of enchantment, supernatural beings and extraordinary lands, brought to life on the screen by Jim Henson of Muppet-opolis.

Henson's affiliation with muppetry ends there, for this film is far more advanced and intricate than Big Bird and the Cookie Monster ever were. And though the film was developed by Henson, Frank Oz, the screenwriter David Odell, and scores of other talented artists, the powerful characterizations were created by Brian Froud; the renowned fantasy artist whose work has been viewed, thus far, in *The Land of Froud* and *Faeries*.







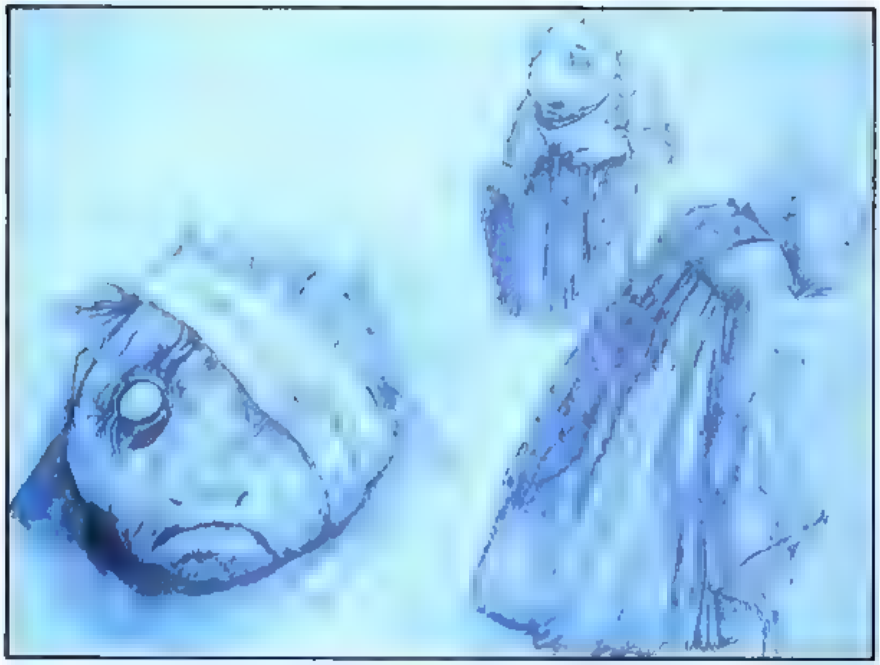
On the previous page urAc. Above Two of the many wood beasts Top right A Skeksis scientist Bottom right: Ac the Scribe

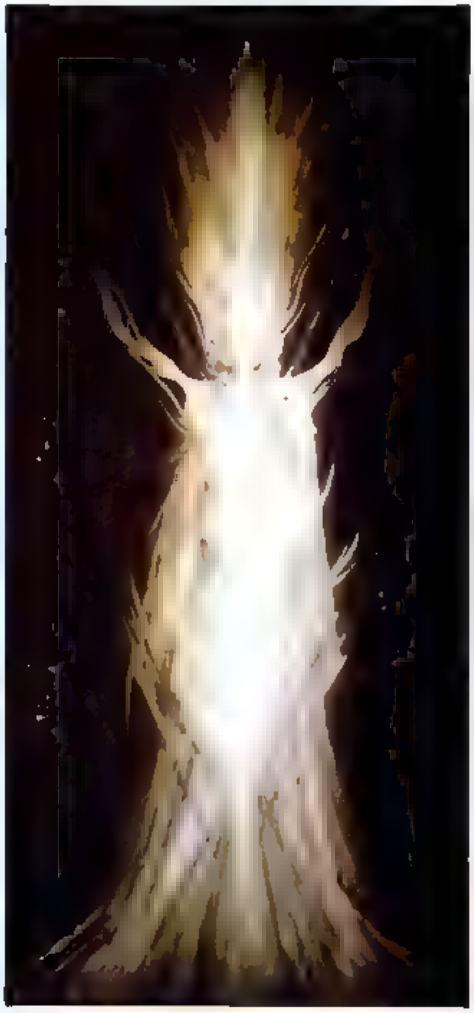
Froud, the English-born conceptual designer for *The Dark Crystal* is uniquely suited to this puppet adventure depicting Jen, a Gelfling from an ancient race of elf-like creatures, who journeys through a wilderness unknown to man, where plants, trees, animals and all living things are mysterious, bizarre and sometimes frightening.

The visual concept of *The Dark Crystal* and the world it portrays is ultimately the creation of Froud and although the idea for the film was Jim Henson's, the creatures evolved through discussion. Henson's idea was for a world that had a life of its own, where plants could communicate and mountains talk to each other. Everything was alive. The world was full of creatures, humans were never involved.

Froud states: "I enjoy tampering with the humorous, and the grotesque. Often, I don't feel as if I'm in control of what I am doing. I put a pencil to paper, and what appears, *appears*. I am just as surprised to see what I do, as anyone else is."

But three years is an awful long time for just "tampering." Froud worked on the set constantly, reworking costumes, set designs and character movement. All of the characters have complex facial movements, some as many as sixteen. The development of the hands capable of picking up an object with a comparatively simple triggering device, is revolutionary to the art of puppetry. There have been hands with maybe





Upper left Pod People Lower left, one of your more frightening wood beasts Above an urSkeks of the palace of the Dark Crystal

"Often, I don't feel as if I'm in control of what I am doing. I put a pencil to paper, and what appears, *appears*."

two fingers that worked, but never anything as advanced as those created for this film. The technology in general, is sophisticated and gives the characters and creatures a living, breathing reality in a nothing but make-believe world.

Do be advised, puppets, and sweet-looking heroes does not a kids movie make—for this film is sophisticated, detailed, and just plain fantastic.

—E. All

CHAIN MAIL

Dear *Heavy Metal* Staff:

I have had a love affair with your magazine since April 1977, and have not felt it necessary to disturb our privacy until now. Ms. McClernan's letter in the September *HM* insults my sensibilities to such an extent that I *must* speak out. I just passed my thirty-fifth birthday and like to believe that I'm fairly well read, traveled, and educated. With few exceptions, everything ever published in *HM* had something good going for it. The thought that the few narrow-visioned residents of the U.S. may take away the chance of a lifetime to see a sampling of the best artists and writers in the world today is terrifying; much more so than anything you could possibly publish. Bring on the boobs and gore!

Sharon Rosenthal
Ridgecrest, Cal.

Dear Editor:

In reference to the letter from Ms. N McClernan (Sept. "Chain Mail"), who probably bugged out when she saw your September cover—te-he-he. She is wrong, wrong, wrong. Anyone who doesn't appreciate women drawn by Fernandez or Hildebrandt—or my idol, the Evil Queen from "Den II"—is a drag and should go back to knitting socks.

Hugs and Kisses,
Joann Kilcullen
Staten Island, N.Y.

Dear *HM*:

Bravo to Nancy G. McClernan. I, too, am one of your many female readers and I believe also that your magazine is greatly male-oriented (although you are getting better). Anyway, keep up the good work (I'm really getting into "Freak Show").

Kristin E. Robinson
Cedar City, Utah

Dear Julie Simmons-Lynch:

For some time, most material in *HM* has been aimed solely at satisfying a man's childish reveries after he's finished his copy of *Playboy*. Violence depicted in a great majority of the stories borders on the extreme; sophistication is sacrificed for depravity. Is that adult? I felt equal disappointment with some aspects of the *HM* movie: while I was impressed with the overall quality of the stories and fluid blends of musics with arts, I found the roles of the women to be unceasingly degenerate and insulting. Even Taarna, who possessed another old-time male ideal of the perfect woman, literal dumbness. What really made this all intolerable was the unequaled transgression of having Den cover his "dork." The duality of the character was clear, but come on, after all the t&a exposure by women in the film it was unfair. Never once in the movie was *my* fantasy revealed. A compromised shame, I told myself, necessary to achieve the R and avoid the X rating, which apparently, would've been too *Heavy*. Since the magazine seems not to be suffering from lack of circulation due to its highly sexual-violent content, let's have at least an equal show and exploitation of the opposite sex!

Diane C. Chalice
Newberry, Fla.

I think this calls for an HM *readership pud poll —ls*

Dear Editor:

If Edgar Rice Burroughs was after tit(&ass)illation as Richard A. Lupoff claims (Sept. '82), he undid himself by making his Martians oviparous instead of viviparous, like himself. Females that produce eggs instead of live young do not have breasts because they don't need them. And in all probability, their males would have internal testes and retractable penises—a definite plus in close combat as any athlete will tell you. Now let's see Clyde Caldwell do some ilks of the real Martians, the ones without breasts, nipples, or navels—and don't forget to make 'em sexy!

Douglas Roome
San Bruno, Calif.

Dear *HM*:

I'd just like to say that compared to all the other cartoon industry's comics, yours are the best. I do wish that you'd have more of those demented Tin-Tin comics, and that "Rock Opera" would end some day. But what the Hell. You still beat *Captain Marvel* and *Sgt. Rock* by a mile, if that's an accomplishment. (*No. —ls.*)

Gareth Evans
Washington D.C.

P.S. What is a Lou Stathus?

He lifts weights, practices killer karate, and eats punks like you for breakfast. —ls

Dear *HM*:

I really enjoyed Jeff Goldberg's essay on Phobias (Oct. '82), however I cannot help but feel he left some important phobias out, such as:

Stathisophobia: The fear of meeting or being close to Lou Stathus (although many psychiatrists claim that this may be a normal, rational fear). See also Teratophobia.

Rockoperaphobia: The fear that someday a story by Rod Kierkegaard Jr. will make sense.

Busophobia: Also known in many countries as Kirchnerphobia. This is the fear of experiencing strange occurences in or around a bus.

Pac-maphobia: The fear of not being able to play "Pac-Man" in a twenty-four hour period.

E.T.phobia: The fear of E.T. See also Xenophobia.

Noheavymetaphobia: (A very common fear.) The fear of missing an issue of *Heavy Metal*.

Mark Thanatos
Mt. Juliet, Tenn.

I think you forgot Chainmailophobia; the fear of having to sit down every month and decipher smartass scrawlings from chuckleheads with dumb pseudonyms. —ls.

Dear *HM*:

It was great to see Matt Howarth's work in *HM* again. "Changes" was one of the most innovative and unique examples of artful storytelling I've ever seen in *HM*, and I've bought and read every issue since the beginning. Couldn't you find room for more of the Post Brothers?

John R. Scharff
Holloman AFB, New Mexico

Dear Marvelous Magical Metal Mongers:

After reading the inane comments in the August Chain Mail I decided I couldn't do any worse. I've been reading *HM* for three years and have noticed that the quality of your critics has really declined. . . .

Pat Echols
Norcross, Ga.

This letter made my day. —ls

Dear Julie:

I have been an avid reader of your magazine now for five years, and it never fails to amuse me that so many assholes over the past few years have written to you suggesting what you, a distinguished editor, should and should not print in a widely acclaimed magazine *(Julie's blushing.—ls)*. Please, for my sake and many others', don't take their insignificant advice. People who write *HM*, thinking they know more about the benefit of this mag than you, are morons.

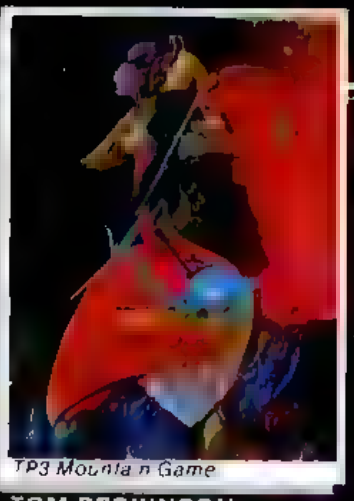
Bryan Walker
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

P.S.: Excuse me, but Bernie Wrightson's "Freak Show" is going to be great, I am sure.

Dear *HM*:

I've got an easy answer to the magazine's problems (August). Simply eliminate Chain Mail—all those complaints are so boring. *(What, and kill my fun?—ls)*

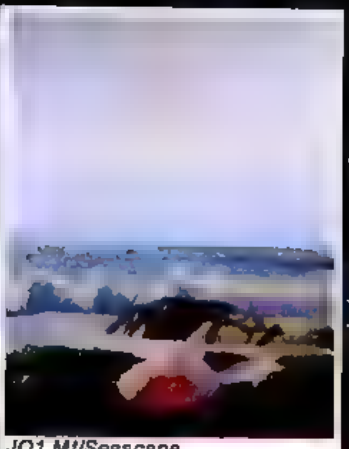
William Benulis
Sayreville, N.J.



TP3 Mountain Game

image: 18 x 12.5 paper: 24 x 17.5

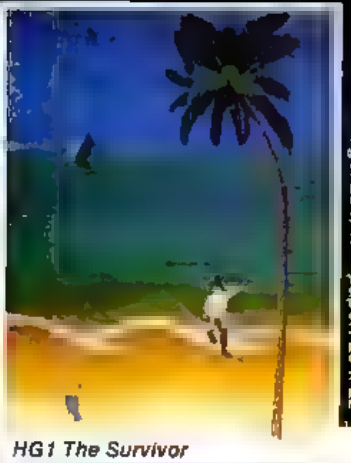
TOM PERKINSON



JO1 MtlSeascape

image: 23.5 x 19 paper: 30 x 23

JOHN OBERDORF



HG1 The Survivor

image: 23 x 17 paper: 29 x 22

HORST GOTTSCHALK

CA1 Fog under the Golden Gate

image: 21.5 x 16 paper: 31 x 21

CHARLES ADAMS

TP2 Pegasus

image: 16.5 x 24 paper: 21 x 29.5

TOM PERKINSON

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GS1 The Conjurer

image: 13 x 18 paper: 17.5 x 20.5

GREGORY SCOTT

AS2 Financial Paranoid

image: 16 x 13.5 paper: 23 x 17.5

ALONSO SMITH

JW1 Hypnerotomachia

image: 14 x 10.5 paper: 23 x 15

JOHN WOTIPKA

Song of the Minotaur

image: 29 x 21 paper: 35 x 23 (Serigraph)
image: 14 x 11 paper: 35 x 23 (Lithograph)

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YOUR FACE IS SO HARD, YOUR SKIN IS SKIN DEEP YOUR VOICE-BOX TELLS ME WE HAVE A ROBOT LOVE
JUMPIN' JESUS! LOOK AT THIS STUFF! HOW CAN THEY DANCE TO THIS CRUMMY MUSIC? IT'S DISGUSTING
THEY PUT A BUNCH OF POORLY PROGRAMED ROBOTS ON STAGE TO PLAY AROUND WITH TAPE RECORDERS AND PUNCH A FEW BUTTONS ON THEIR THINGAMAJIGS
AND THESE KIDS GO CRAZY! HOPPING AROUND LIKE THEY HAVE A STICK UP THE YING-YANG! WHAT A BUNCH OF SORRY LOOKING GIMPS!

THAT WAS ABOUT ALL I HAD TO GO ON A CRUMMY HIGH-SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH OF A KID WHO WAS IN LOVE WITH ROBOT MUSIC! THIS ALL STARTED WHEN I GOT A CALL ABOUT MIDWEEK FROM A MRS. DIMBEAU TELLING ME HER TEENAGE SON WAS MISSING AND COULD I HELP THEM FIND HIM LIKE A FOOL I SAID YES.

AS I WALKED INTO THEIR HOUSE I COULD TELL THEY WEREN'T HURTING FOR MONEY MRS DIMBEAU LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN .

OH, MR. BORBAH! I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD COME! WE'VE BEEN OUT OF OUR MINDS WITH WORRY WE'RE AFRAID OUR TIMMY HAS FALLEN IN W TH A BAD CROWD!
WELL, MRS DIMBEAU I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN WHAT K ND OF BAD CROWD ARE YOU REFERRING TO?

MR DIMBEAU WASN'T MUCH BETTER .HE TRIED TO COME ON WITH THE VICTOR MATURE ACT I WAS BEGINNING TO SEE WHY THE K'D HAD RUN AWAY

SO WE THINK HE MAY HAVE RUN OFF WITH A GROUP OF THOSE ROBOTOID HOODS/ YOU'VE PROBABLY SEEN THEM ON TELEVIS.ON
EXCUSE ME, BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO LOOK IN HIS ROOM FOR A MOMENT AND THEN I LL ASK A FEW QUESTIONS.

HIS ROOM WAS SMALL AND DARK IT LOOKED LIKE ANOTHER EXTENSION OF MR AND MRS DIMBEAU .DULL

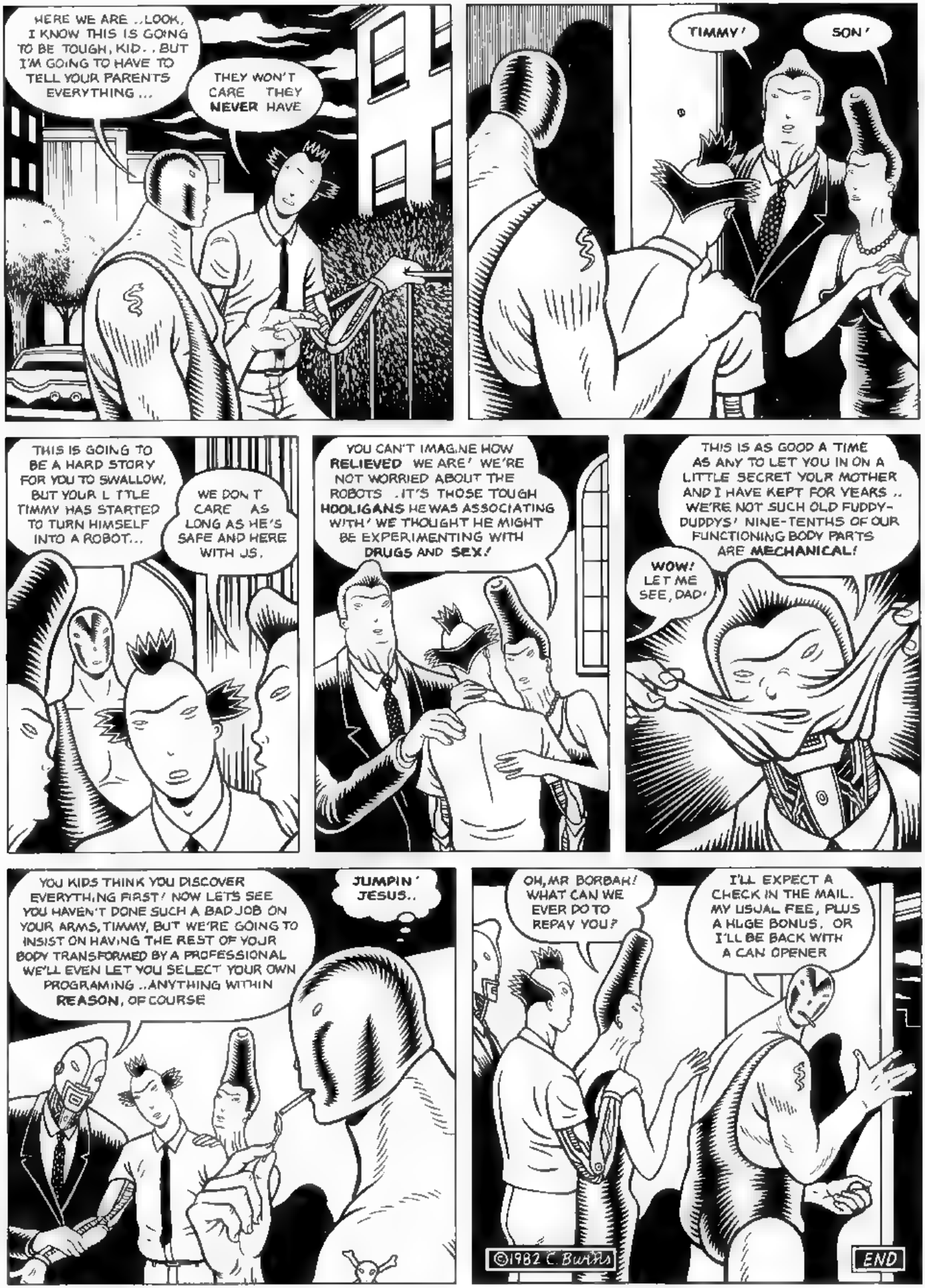
ASIDE FROM A RECORD PLAYER AND A FEW ROBOT RECORDS IT REMINDED ME OF A SANITIZED MOTEL ROOM. .NO SIGN OF LIFE

THE ONLY THING I FOUND OF INTEREST WAS A STACK OF BLUEPRINTS THEY LOOKED LIKE PLANS FOR A MACHINE OF SOME SORT

LATER
MAY I GET YOU ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?
EH? OH NO, I WAS JUST LEAVING
GOOD TO GET OUT OF THAT HOLE GUESS I'LL CALL IT A NIGHT
HEY, WATCH IT, KID, OR I'LL TEAR YOU A NEW UH
THAT'S HIM! IT'S GOT TO BE! HE'S WEARING THE SAME CLOTHES HE HAD ON WHEN HE LEFT HOME
WELL, TIM.. IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE ALMOST COMPLETED YOUR ARM ASSEMBLY .WE'LL BE ABLE TO START YOU ON THE FIRST LEVELS OF OPTICAL TRANSFERENCE SOON
5437

SO THIS IS THE BIG SCOOP A BUNCH OF ROBOT GUIDANCE COUNSELORS TEACHING THESE DIMWITS THE FACTS OF LIFE
WAKE UP YOU BIG BLOB!
MOVE IT!
IT'S REALLY TOO BAD YOU HAD TO STUMBLE ONTO OUR LITTLE SCHOOL
YEAH REALLY TOO BAD
I'M AFRAID WE JUST CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO LEAVE
YEAH I'M AFRAID
I SAW WHAT YOU WERE DOING TO THOSE KIDS.
OH, DON'T WORRY THEY RE HERE VOLUNTARILY FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER, THEY'VE ALL GROWN TIRED OF HAVING TO DEAL WITH EMOTIONS... THEY'VE COME HERE TO GIVE UP THE GHOST
IT STARTED WITH THE MUSIC... THEY LIKED THE MESSAGE WE OFFERED. THEY TRIED TO EMULATE OUR LACK OF EMOTION BUT THAT WASN'T ENOUGH.... THEY WANTED THE REAL THING SO WE GAVE IT TO THEM. WE GAVE THEM MORE THAN THEY EXPECTED
. FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS NOW THERE HAS BEEN A GROWING SENSE OF DISSATISFACTION IN THE ROBOT COMMUNITY DUE LARGELY TO OUR MORE SOPHISTICATED PROGRAMING.. WE'RE JUST TOO SMART TO BE YOUR SERVANTS
SO WE'RE TURNING THE TABLES AND CREATING OUR OWN SERVANTS
WE'RE TOO SMART.

ENOUGH TALK. FOR NOW SCHOOL IS STILL IN SESSION, SO WE'LL ATTEND TO YOU LATER
YES, BWANA
NO ROPE MADE BY MAN OR ROBOT CAN HOLD EL BORBAH.. MAN OF STEEL!
NOW TO GRAB MECHANICAL TIMMY AND BEAT IT OUT OF THIS JOINT WHILE I STILL HAVE A CHANCE
ALRIGHT CLASS. THERE'S GOING TO BE A BRIEF RECESS. YOUR TEACHER AND I HAVE TO HAVE A CONFERENCE.
CONFERENCE? BUT I DON'T UNDERST-URK!
LOOK KID. DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. IF YOU WANT YOUR NICE NEW ARMS TO REMAIN INTACT, YOU'LL COME WITH ME..
HERE, GET IN THE CAR.. AND RELAX I'M DOING THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD YOUR PARENTS HAVE BEEN WORRIED SICK ABOUT YOU, AND I CAN SEE WHY WHAT DO YOU WANT TO HANG AROUND THOSE JERKS FOR ANYWAY?
I HATE YOU
YOU HATE ME? SURE YOU DO.. LOOK, I WAS YOUR AGE ONCE. AND I KNOW HOW IT FEELS.. BUT YOU'LL THANK ME WHEN YOU FINALLY REALIZE WHAT THIS ROBOT CRAP IS ALL ABOUT. I SURE HOPE YOUR PARENTS CAN AFFORD TO HAVE A PAIR OF NORMAL ARMS SEWN BACK ONTO YOU.


HERE WE ARE ..LOOK, I KNOW THIS IS GOING TO BE TOUGH, KID. . BUT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TELL YOUR PARENTS EVERYTHING ...
THEY WON'T CARE THEY NEVER HAVE
TIMMY!
SON!
THIS IS GOING TO BE A HARD STORY FOR YOU TO SWALLOW, BUT YOUR L TTLE TIMMY HAS STARTED TO TURN HIMSELF INTO A ROBOT...
WE DON T CARE AS LONG AS HE'S SAFE AND HERE WITH US.
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW RELIEVED WE ARE! WE'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE ROBOTS .IT'S THOSE TOUGH HOOLIGANS HE WAS ASSOCIATING WITH! WE THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE EXPERIMENTING WITH DRUGS AND SEX!
THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET YOUR MOTHER AND I HAVE KEPT FOR YEARS .. WE'RE NOT SUCH OLD FUDDY-DUDDYS! NINE-TENTHS OF OUR FUNCTIONING BODY PARTS ARE MECHANICAL!
WOW! LET ME SEE, DAD!
YOU KIDS THINK YOU DISCOVER EVERYTHING FIRST! NOW LET'S SEE YOU HAVEN'T DONE SUCH A BAD JOB ON YOUR ARMS, TIMMY, BUT WE'RE GOING TO INSIST ON HAVING THE REST OF YOUR BODY TRANSFORMED BY A PROFESSIONAL WE'LL EVEN LET YOU SELECT YOUR OWN PROGRAMING ..ANYTHING WITHIN REASON, OF COURSE
JUMPIN' JESUS..
OH, MR BORBAH! WHAT CAN WE EVER DO TO REPAY YOU?
I'LL EXPECT A CHECK IN THE MAIL. MY USUAL FEE, PLUS A HUGE BONUS. OR I'LL BE BACK WITH A CAN OPENER
©1982 C. Burns
END

JUNE 2050
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME.
..FOR BOTH OF US
FOR ALL OF US
THE WORLD HAS FORGOTTEN. HE'S JUST AN OLD GUY FROM THE PAST AN OLD GUY WITH A YOUNG BODY.. JUST LIKE THE REST OF US
THEY SHOULD'VE LET HIM DIE NATURALLY INSTEAD OF GIVING HIM THE SERUM!
IT'S GREAT THAT PEOPLE DON'T D.E OF OLD AGE ANY MORE, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY KEPT HIM ALIVE.
. OR WHY THEY FINALLY SET HIM FREE...
BUT I'LL FIX THINGS.
IS THAT ? YEAH!... IT'S HIM!
MISTER CHAPMAN!?!
BANG BANG BANG BANG
SIRHAN SIRHAN GETS OUT NEXT MONTH. I'LL HAVE TO HEAD FOR CALIFORNIA...
ART: STORY
JOHN WORKMAN

MEN! WOMEN! ANDROIDS! ROBOTS! PSEUDO-HUMANS! EXTRATERRESTRIALS! ARE YOU ALWAYS PROPERLY ATTIRED FOR ANY FUNCTION ON ANY WORLD?
ON BRIGHT DESERT PLANETS, DOES THE LIGHT OF A RED SUN BOUNCE OFF THE FRONT OF YOUR DURABLE COTTON HEAVY METAL CAPTAIN STERNN T-SHIRT?...
NOT TO MENTION THE BACK?
ON THE DARK SIDES OF VARIOUS MOONS, ARE YOU ALWAYS RADIANT IN YOUR OFFICIAL HEAVY METAL T-SHIRT... IN BLACK OR RED?
HEAVY METAL
DO YOU LAUGH AT THE COLD AND FIERCE DESERT WINDS ON FROZEN PLANETOIDS WHEN YOU'RE WEARING YOUR SILVER HEAVY METAL JACKET?
HEAVY METAL
DOES YOUR BRONZE HEAVY METAL BELT BUCKLE KEEP YOUR PANTS FROM FALLING DOWN TO YOUR TWO-OR MORE-ANKLES WHILE YOU RUN AROUND THE UNIVERSE?
WELL, IF NOT, WRAP YOUR TENTACLES AROUND A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND CLIP THIS COUPON. ORDER YOUR HEAVY METAL APPAREL TODAY!
OR HOP IN A TIME MACHINE AND GO BACK AND ORDER HM-WEAR YESTERDAY!
HEAVY METAL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB SMITH

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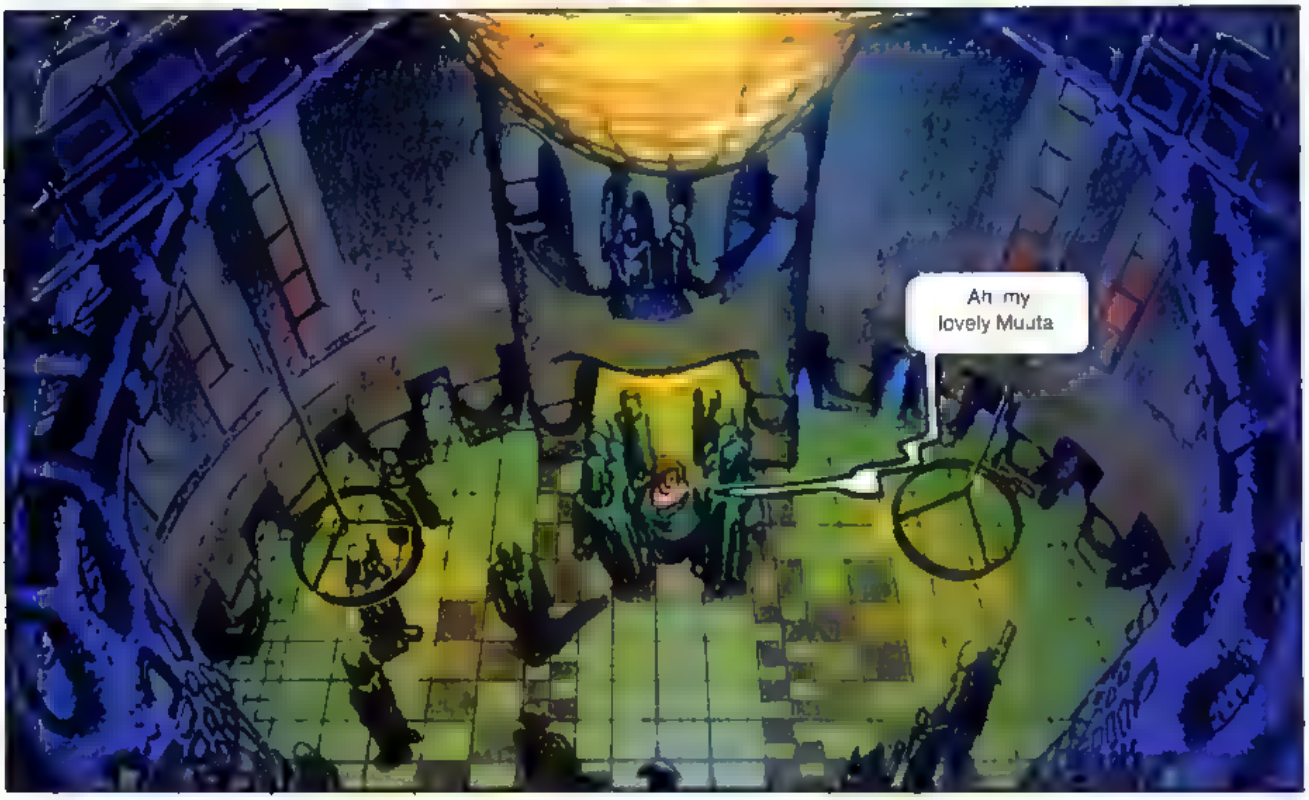
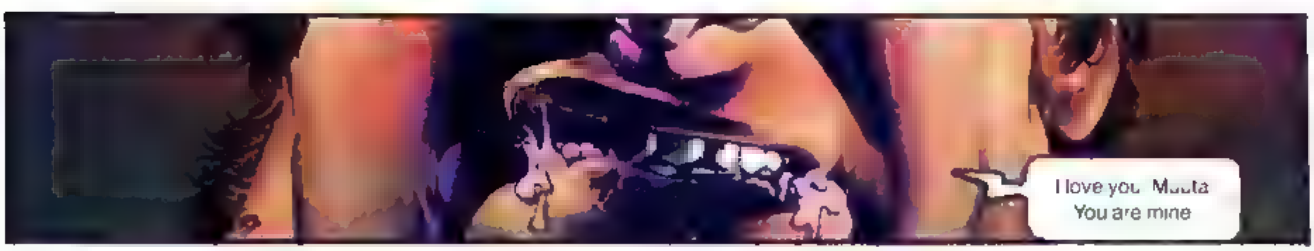
DEN II

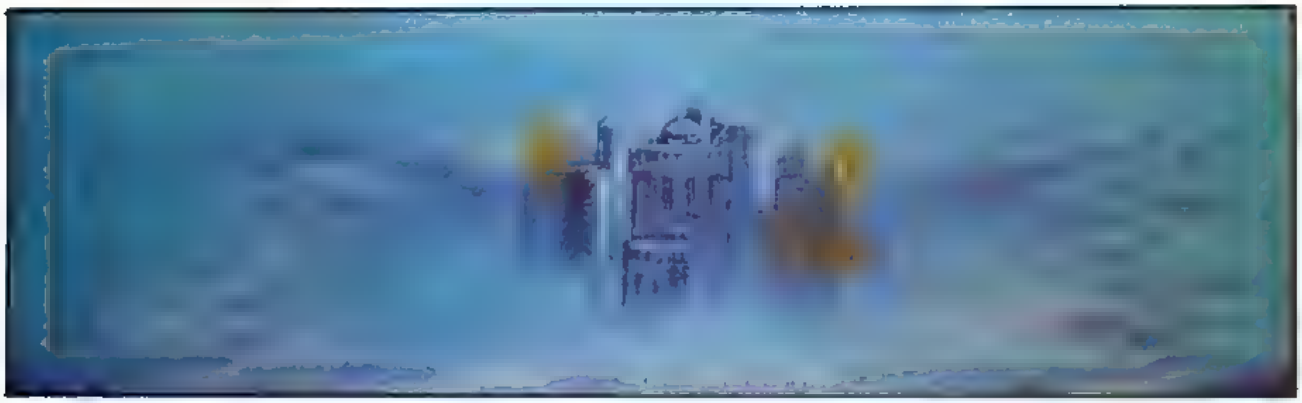
Last we saw Den and Muuta finally made it to Minimuut. While contemplating their next move a Dramite messenger showed up. Soon after, the long lost Tarn returned



©1984 Svengo Corben



You seem to forget yourself, Tam. I rule here. I belong to no one. Why have you come? What do you want?
Oh, I am sorry. Now that I have absolute power, I sometimes forget that people don't understand.
I am here to make you my friends. I am a king now. My domain reaches from the Lorungan Mountains through the Knorland Forests.
My capital is Mudaron.
Well, I am tired now. I hope you'll allow me some rooms for my entourage to rest. We can continue our interview tomorrow.
Tam! Don't you recognize me? I'm Den, your comrade. You saved my life once.
What a surprise, finding you here, Den, with my beloved Mudita.

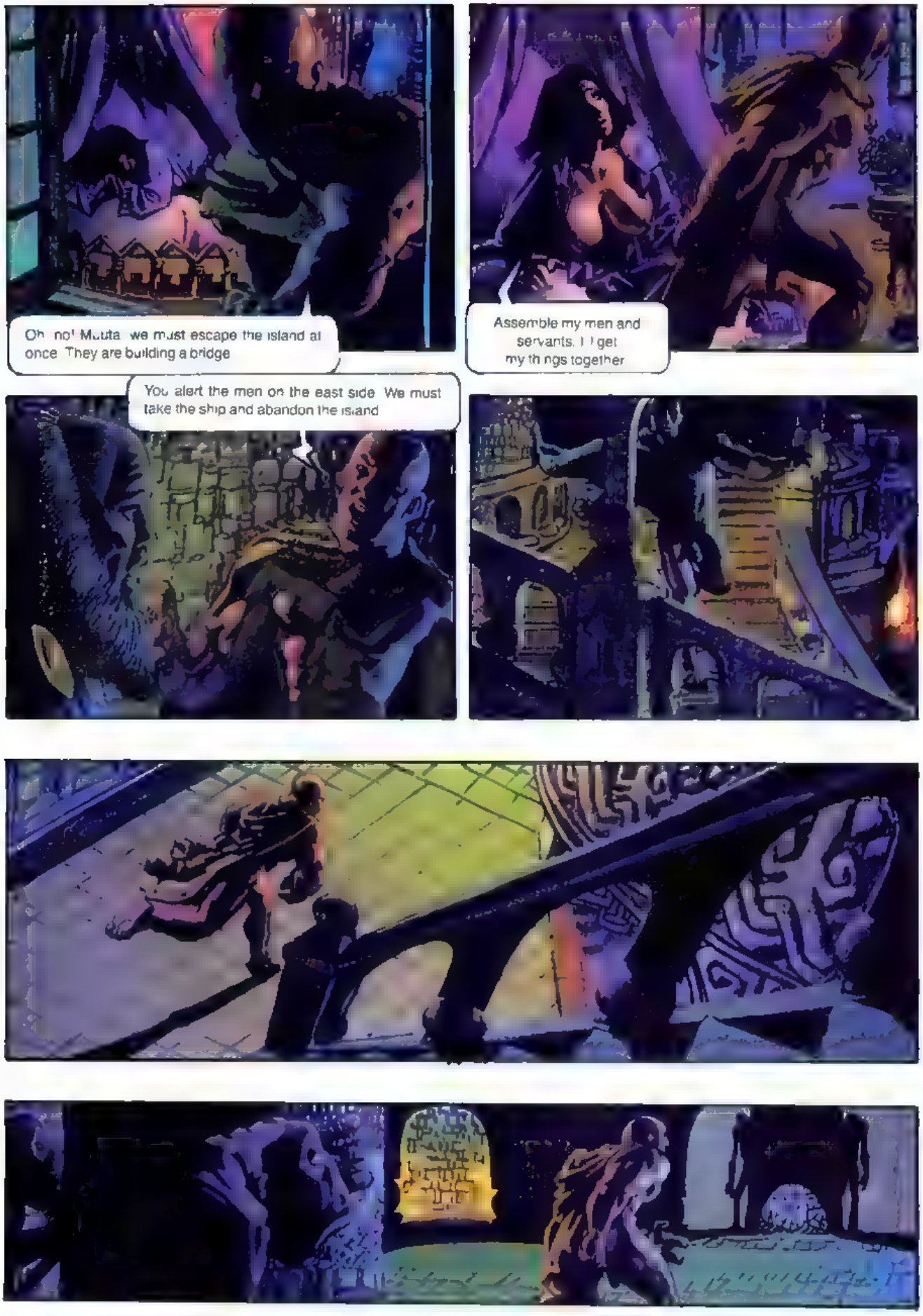


I have a mind to throw that swollen bug lover into the lake If it weren't for my people held hostage at Muutaron
Don't hate me Den I did nothing to spur his infatuation

Excuse me mistress There is some activity on the far shore
What's it?
Dram tes They're working by torch light Tarn must explain this

Please excuse me I'm not feeling well
Tarn there are hundreds of torches on the shore. You must explain what your subjects are doing Let us in immediately
OOOOOOH! It is nothing to be alarmed about Juunnh. They are merely performing some religious rites.
They will be gone by morning OOOOOOOHHH!
Tarn what ails you?
Get out of my way I must see him!
There satisfied? Now go away and let me alone

What o
He l?
Closer!
The lights are
coming closer
MMlp


Oh, no! Mututa, we must escape the island at once. They are building a bridge
Assemble my men and servants. I'll get my things together
You alert the men on the east side. We must take the ship and abandon the island

EEEEAAGH!
BRAK!
VOOOOMMM
KRUK
TYAK
HALG!
HAK!
THONK
THRUK!
SKRAK!

to be continued

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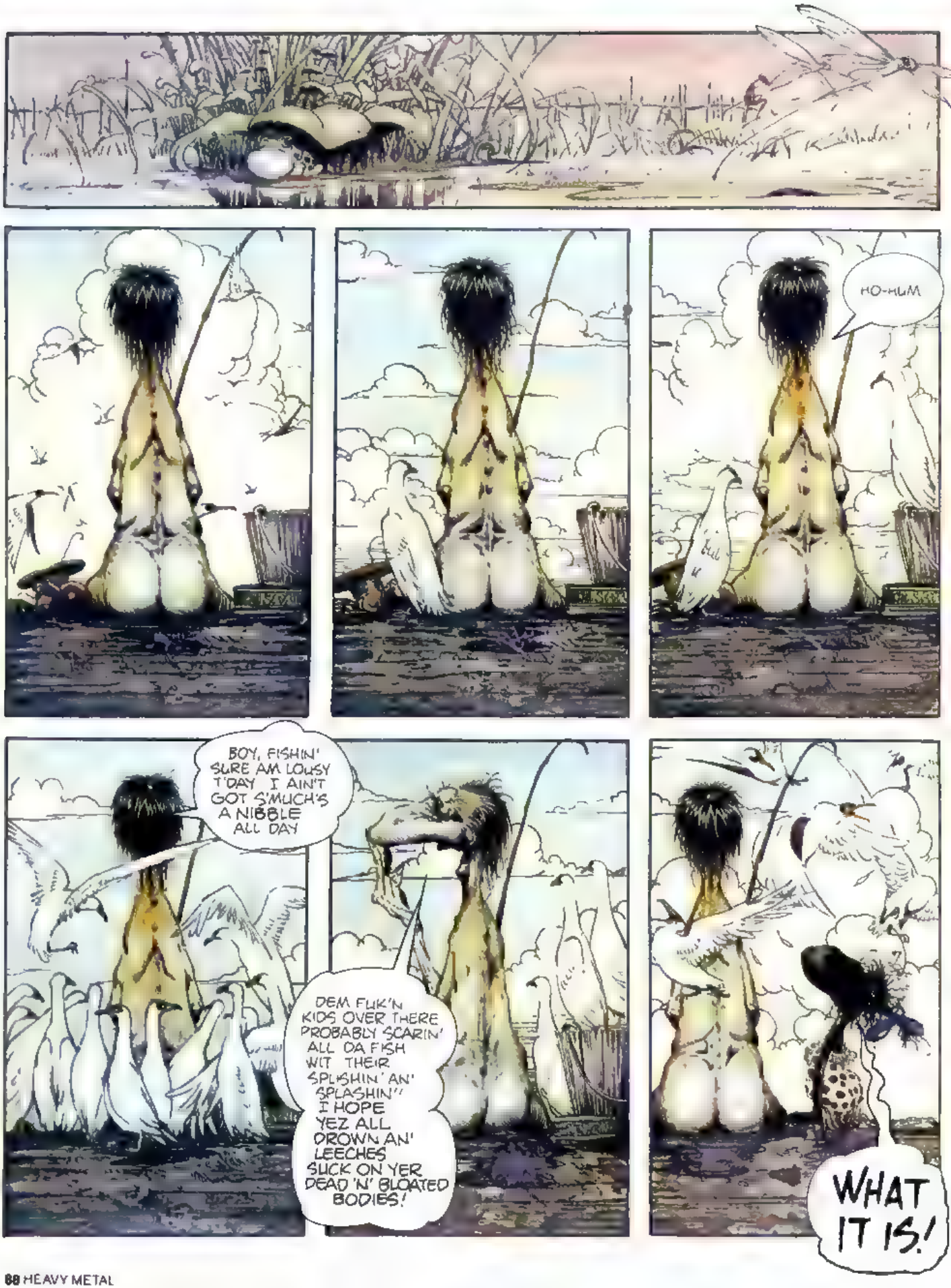
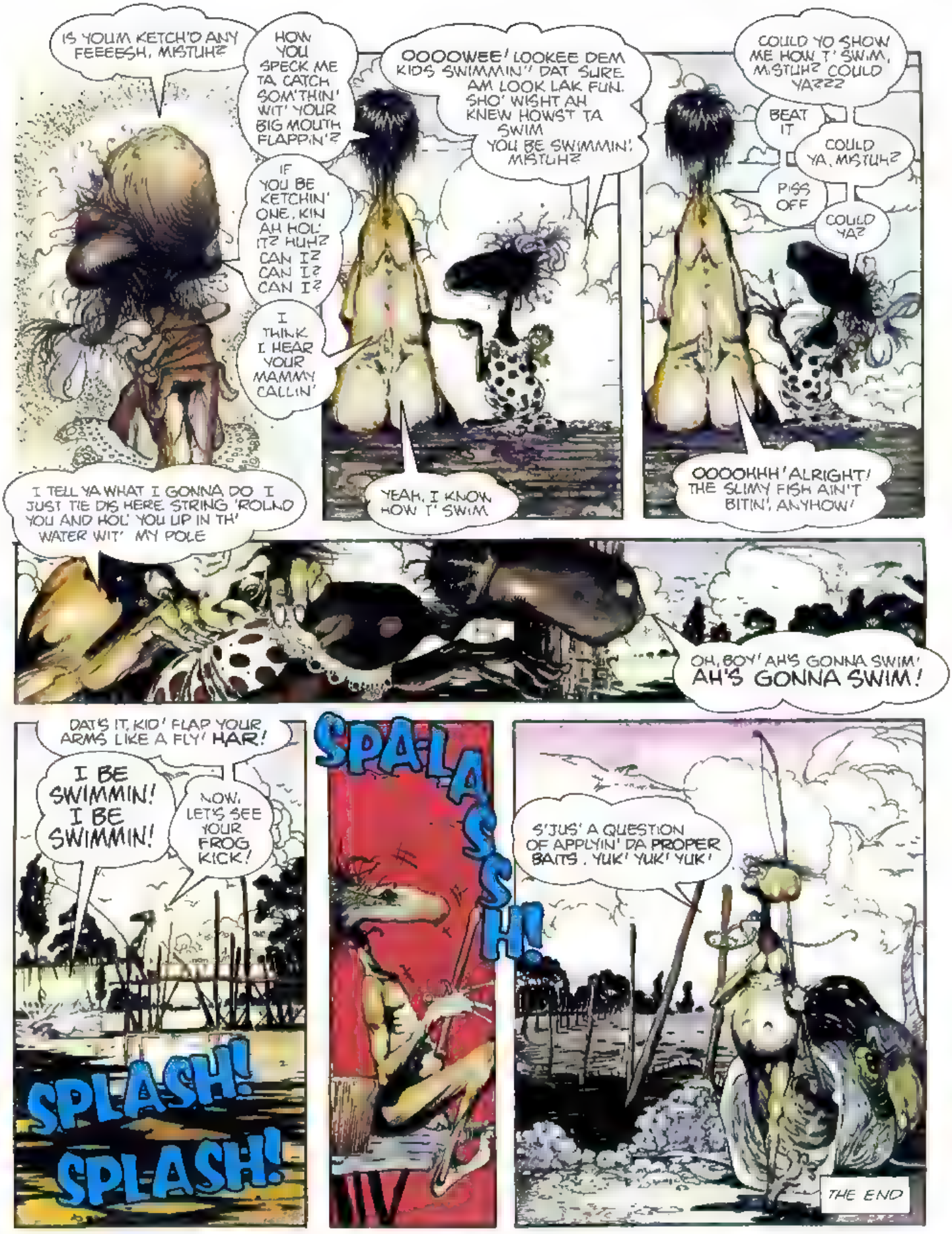
MUDWOG

DRUGGED INTO DROWSINESS BY THE AWAKENING MORNING SUN'S WARM RAYS, THE LAKE BECAME TRANSFORMED INTO A HAZY STILL LIFE. SATURATED WITH THE SWEET BLEND OF PERSIMMON AND STAGNATION, THE AIR HUNG HEAVY AND WINDLESS EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL SLAP OF A RECKLESS PICKERAL OR THE PLOP OF A BULLFROG DIVING AMONG THE REEDS AND LILY PADS. THE TRANQUIL WATER, LAY UNDISTURBED OVER A HALF-SUBMERGED LOG A DRAGONFLY HUNG SUSPENDED. IN A BLINK OF AN EYE, IT DISAPPEARED AS THOUGH IT WERE NEVER THERE AT ALL. THE HOOT OF AN INVISIBLE WHIPPOORWILL DRIFTED OVER THE WATER, MERGING WITH THE HEAT AND THE ENDLESS HYPNOTIC DRONE OF A CHIRPING CRICKET SINGING BUG SONGS ON THE DISTANT SHORE

©1982 BY ARTHUR SUYDAM


HO-HUM
BOY, FISHIN' SURE AM LOUSY T'DAY I AIN'T GOT S'MUCH'S A NIBBLE ALL DAY
DEM FUK'N KIDS OVER THERE PROBABLY SCARIN' ALL DA FISH WIT THEIR SPLISHIN' AN' SPLASHIN'! I HOPE YEZ ALL DROWN AN' LEECHES SUCK ON YER DEAD 'N' BLOATED BODIES!
WHAT IT IS!


IS YOUM KETCH'D ANY FEEEESH, MISTUHZ
HOW YOU SPECK ME TA CATCH SOM'THIN' WIT' YOUR BIG MOUTH FLAPP'N'Z
IF YOU BE KETCHIN' ONE, KIN AH HOL' IT? HUHZ CAN IZ CAN I? CAN I?
I THINK I HEAR YOUR MAMMY CALLIN'
I TELL YA WHAT I GONNA DO I JUST TIE DIS HERE STRING 'ROUND YOU AND HOL' YOU UP IN TH' WATER WIT' MY POLE
OOOOWEE! LOOKEE DEM KIDS SWIMMIN'! DAT SURE AM LOOK LAK FUN. SHO' WISHT AH KNEW HOWST TA SWIM YOU BE SWIMMIN', MISTUHZ
YEAH, I KNOW HOW T' SWIM
COULD YO SHOW ME HOW T' SWIM, MISTUHZ COULD YAZZZ
BEAT IT
COULD YA, MISTUHZ
PISS OFF
COULD YAZ
OOOOKHH! ALRIGHT! THE SLIMY FISH AIN'T BITIN', ANYHOW!
OH, BOY! AH'S GONNA SWIM! AH'S GONNA SWIM!
DAT'S IT, KID! FLAP YOUR ARMS LIKE A FLY! HAR!
I BE SWIMMIN! I BE SWIMMIN!
NOW, LET'S SEE YOUR FROG KICK!
SPLASH! SPLASH!
SPA-LASSSH!
S'JUS' A QUESTION OF APPLYIN' DA PROPER BAITS. YUK! YUK! YUK!
THE END

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL '77. SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts 'Roger' the paranoid puppet, Conquering Armies' the ultimate rock festival' and more

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's 'Rock-blitz,' highly praised 'Shells," beginning of Davis's 'World Apart,' Moebius, Corben, Bodé more

#4/JULY '77 Lots of Moebius 'Arzach," part 1 of "The Long Tomorrow" conclusion of Sunpol

#5/AUGUST '77: The saga of "Polonius begins, 'The Long Tomorrow' concludes and 'World Apart' and "Den' continue

#6/SEPTEMBER '77. Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera plus more 'World Apart' "Den,' and "Polonius

#7/OCTOBER '77. Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage,' Den and Polonius back again, yet more

#8/NOVEMBER '77 New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for 'Polonius' and 'World Apart'

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete 'Vuzz,' by Druillet, 'Fortune's Fool' by Chaykin and Wein plus full-color Corben Macedo Caveloux and Moebius

#10/JANUARY '78. Morrow illustrates Zelazny 'Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*' "Conquering Armies concludes. 'Den' continues

#11/FEBRUARY '78 New adventures of Barbarella wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben et al

#12/MARCH '78 Swashbuckling 'Orion' debuts courtesy of Gray Morrow more 'Barbarella' 'Urm' and 'Den'

#13/APRIL '78 Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from 'Paradise 9' and 'Barbarella' gives birth while 'Den' wraps it up

#14/MAY '78 'Urm the Mad' waves bye-bye but 'Orion' and 'Barbarella' continue and Alex Nino flips his hat!

#15/JUNE '78 Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic 'More Than Human' is illustrated more 'Barbarella' and the origins of 'Heliman'

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for 'Barbarella" a sad ending for 1996" resumption of Druillet's 'Gail,' more 'Heilman' 'Orion' 'More Than Human' and Corben's 'Arabian Nights'

#17/AUGUST '78 SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: 'Exterminator 17,' Ellison's illustrated 'Glass Goblin,' debut of McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' plus usual

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin 'Empire" more 'Sindbad' 'Exterminator,' Major Grubert,' Heilman's final rebirth more

#21/DECEMBER '78 The stockings full with 'Orion,' Kirchner's 'Tarot' and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius

#22/JANUARY '79 Trina debuts here and Druillet concludes "Gail' plus McKie and Corben 'How much can you take?'

#23/FEBRUARY '79: Galactic Geographic "Starcrown' Corben's 'Sindbad,' McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' plus Moebius Bilal and Macedo

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination' 'Starcrown II,' and Ellison's late show

#25/APRIL '79 SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Druillet's 'Dancin' and a Proust joke) 15 entries including Corben 'Morrow' the illustrated 'Alien'

#27/JUNE '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79 Bodé's 'Zooks' premieres. Corben's 'Sindbad" concludes Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with 'New Ark City,' plus Mayerik Suydam 'Galactic Geographic,' Bodé more

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: Elric 'Buck Rogers,' a lizard named 'Elvis," and 'Little Red V-3" alongside Monlellier and Moebius

#31/OCTOBER '79 A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia Druillet Suydam others

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Let's give thanks for Corben's 'Rowlf' Bodé's 'Zooks,' Brunner's 'Elric,' Chaykin's 'The Stars My Destination' Moebius, and more

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben Kofoed Suydam Stiles Trina, Moebius, and Ellison plus 'Gnomes' and 'Giants.'

#34/JANUARY '80: A new year/new decade begins with new look for *HM* with debut of 4 new columnists new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, conclusion of Corben's 'Rowlf' and much more!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Courant cover adorns this winter issue Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip

#36/MARCH '80 Why did 'The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Corben Matena Moebius and Lee Marrs's 'Good Vibrations.'

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue 32 pages of 'Champakou' in living color, final installment of Moebius's 'Airtight Garage," plus Caza Bilal Howarth Corben Bodé — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou' reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? We'll never

#39/JUNE '80: 'Champakou' meets his fate, while 'Captain Sternn' saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs Earth!

#40/JULY '80 'The Alchemist Supreme' continues Axle learns truth about sidekick Musky Bilal's 'Progress' begins and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave'

#41/AUGUST '80 Druillet returns with the 1st instalment of 'Salammbo' while Moebius concludes 'Shore Leave' (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's 'Progress!' picks up steam Ernie Colon Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while 'Rock Opera' gets stranger yet

#43/OCTOBER '80 Special [illegible] SORRY — SOLD OUT! [illegible]

#44/NOVEMBER '80 With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Caveloux Moebius, Kaluta Springett and Bilal

#45/DECEMBER '80: Premiering Corben's 'Illustrated' Bloodstar Crepax's "Valentina' and Godard and Ribera's 'What Is Reality Papa?' Plus 'The Cutter of the Fog' 'Rock Opera' and Moebius

#46/JANUARY '81 [illegible] SORRY — SOLD OUT! [illegible] Rock Opera' tells us 'There Is a Prince Charming on Phenixon'

#47/FEBRUARY '81 William S Burroughs discusses 'Civilian Defense' while "The Horny Goof' an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself!

#48/MARCH '81: 'Tex Arcana' John Findley's epic Western, be-

Photography Bob Smith

John Findley's epic Western begins. What's Really Papa? and The Ambassador of the Shadows continue. Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* ends. Plus Harlan Ellison's ever-timeless ay on vic e re t America

#49/APRIL 81 Art and the Nazis. Corben's Bloodstar. Gimenez's Good-bye Soldier. Harry North's Stories from London and an interview with Moebius. Plus Druillet: Don't think we could do it in one short diviva

#50 MAY 81 Premiers of Chaykin's Cody Starbuck and Bilal's The Immortals. Fête! Plus Suydam's The Toll Bridge and William S. Burroughs on immortality

#51/JUNE 81 The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres. Howarth's Changes winds up. Plus Caza, Chaykin, Crepax and our own John Workman

#52/JULY 81 Stephen King enfires with The Blue Air Compressor. Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues while Chris Moore's fantastic pin-up girl wraps Tall up

#53/AUGUST [illegible] on the [illegible] art of the Corben 16 page [illegible] Heavy Me[illegible]

SORRY— SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER [illegible] to ben's Dar[illegible] Age [illegible] ment o[illegible] [illegible]s interview [illegible] masters of horror

SORRY— SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER 81 Shakespeare for Americans. 1st episode of Segreless' Mercenary, a gallery section devoted to Druillet plus Bell Jones, Bilal and Steranko

#56/NOVEMBER 81 Jeronaton's Egg of the World. Jeff Jones, Segreles and Bilal frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully

#57/DECEMBER 81 Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segreles and Corben. Plus odd ending to The Immortals. Fete

#58 JANUARY 82 Our Happy Future issue includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, He and Gillon and The Autonomous Man by Davis, Chudnow and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segreles, Steranko et al

#59/FEBRUARY 82 Begins with a further adventure of John Difool in The Incal Light. Wein and Chaykin's Gideon Faust gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Sinnen et al

#60/MARCH 82 Our 2nd Special Rock Issue features Dick Matena's A Life in the Day, a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon, Luis Garcia's Nova 2 begins, Elliot Murphy brings us the Eye's Cut. Plus our regulars, Mercenary, Den, Rock Opera, etc. Enjoy

#61/APRIL '82 Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Caveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82 In this issue we give you the 1st part of David Black's Third Sexual Revolution and let you look at The Art of De Es Schwertberger. Plus Sixteen and Vanilla by Ted White and Val Lakey

#63/JUNE 82 We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue. With artists Voss, Caza, Schelle and R. Crumb. All surrounded by regulars Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten and Fernandez. Enjoy

#64/JULY 82 Marcelle and La comtesse's strange life at the Circus and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Part 2 of Black's Third Sexual Revolution. Plus Jones, Garcia, Druillet, etc.

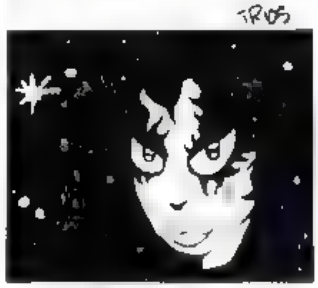
#65/AUGUST 82 We proudly present Jones and Wrightson's Freak Show and Pisu and Manara's The Ape. Plus the finale of The Incal Light by Moebius and Jodorowsky

#66/SEPTEMBER '82 We give you Hecht's Music Video Interface, Lupoff's Barsoom! and Hinges' Object. Plus our regulars, Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard, etc.

#67/OCTOBER 82 You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. It has everything from Edgar Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S. Last part of Black's Third Sexual Revolution

#68/NOVEMBER 82 Part 1 of Kajita's Starstruck. Findley's Tex Arcana continues as do Den II and Yragael. Plus a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*

#69/DECEMBER 82 A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's Mudwog and Mark Fisher's Amino Man. Plus our regulars, Corben, Fernandez and Kierkegaard



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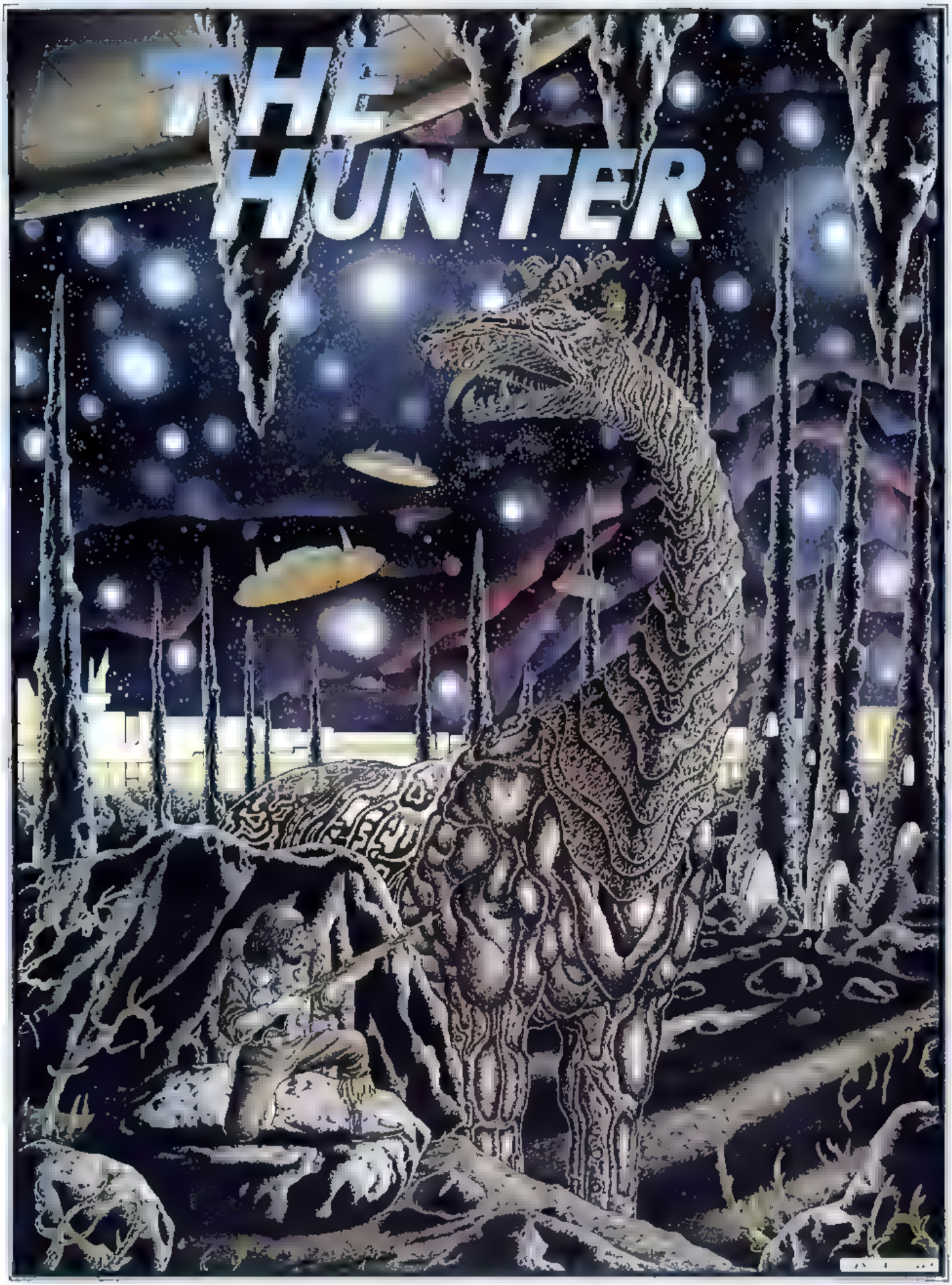
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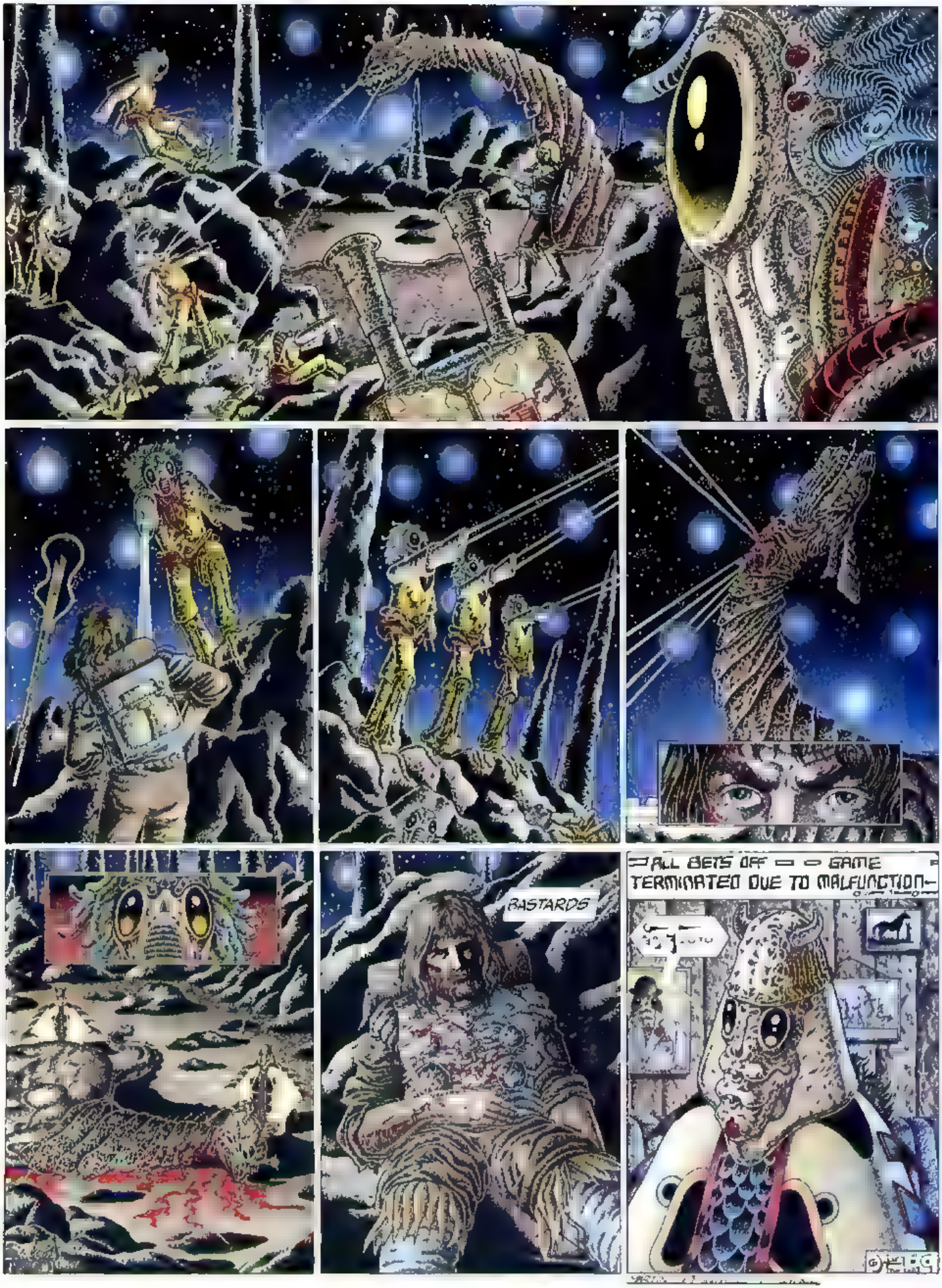
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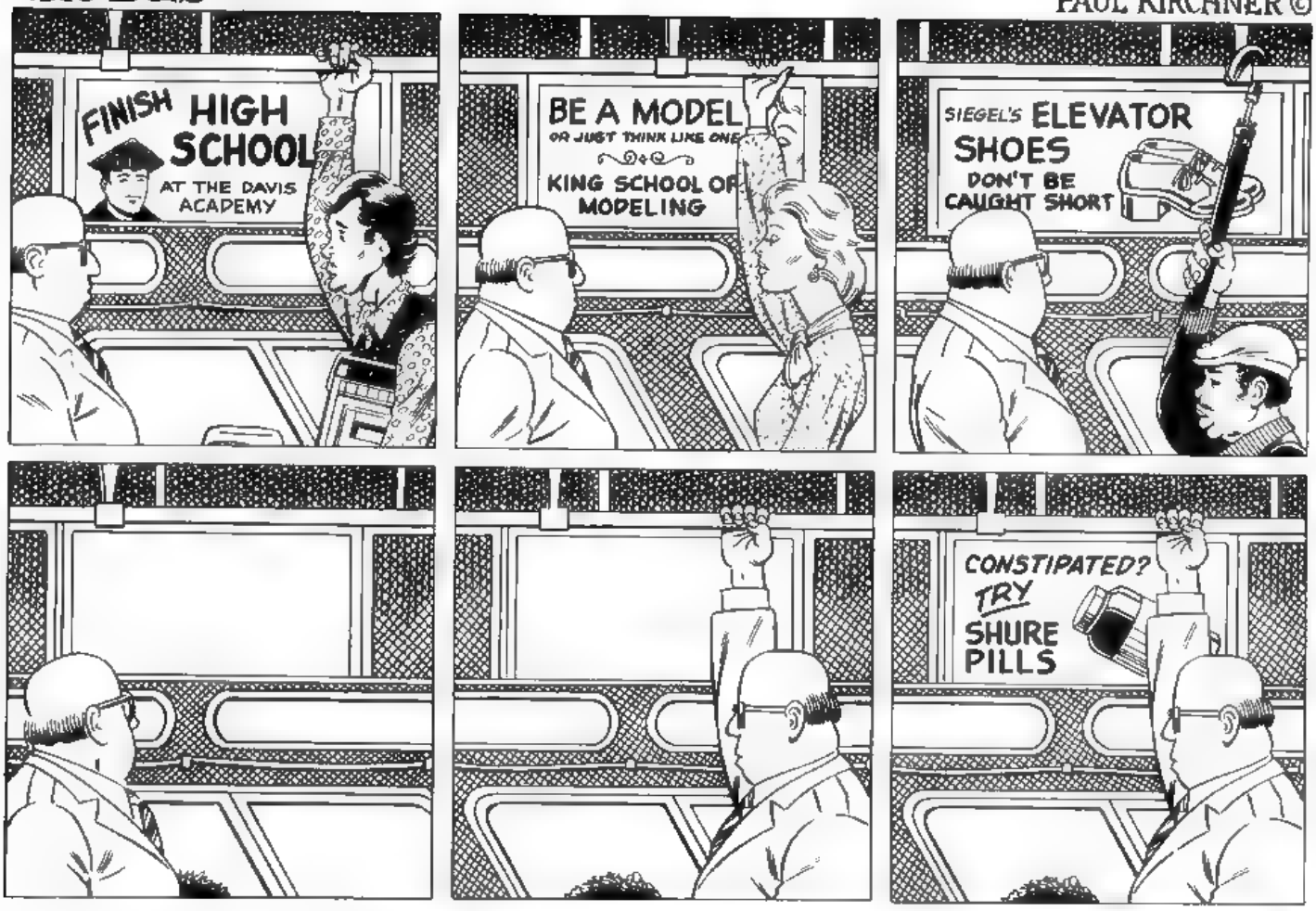

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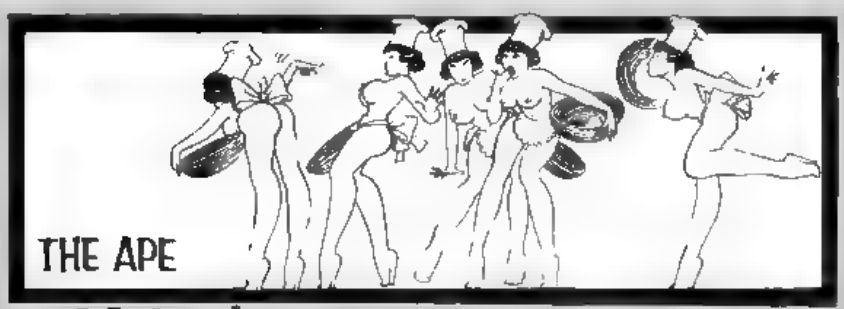
A look at THE ENTITY



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